The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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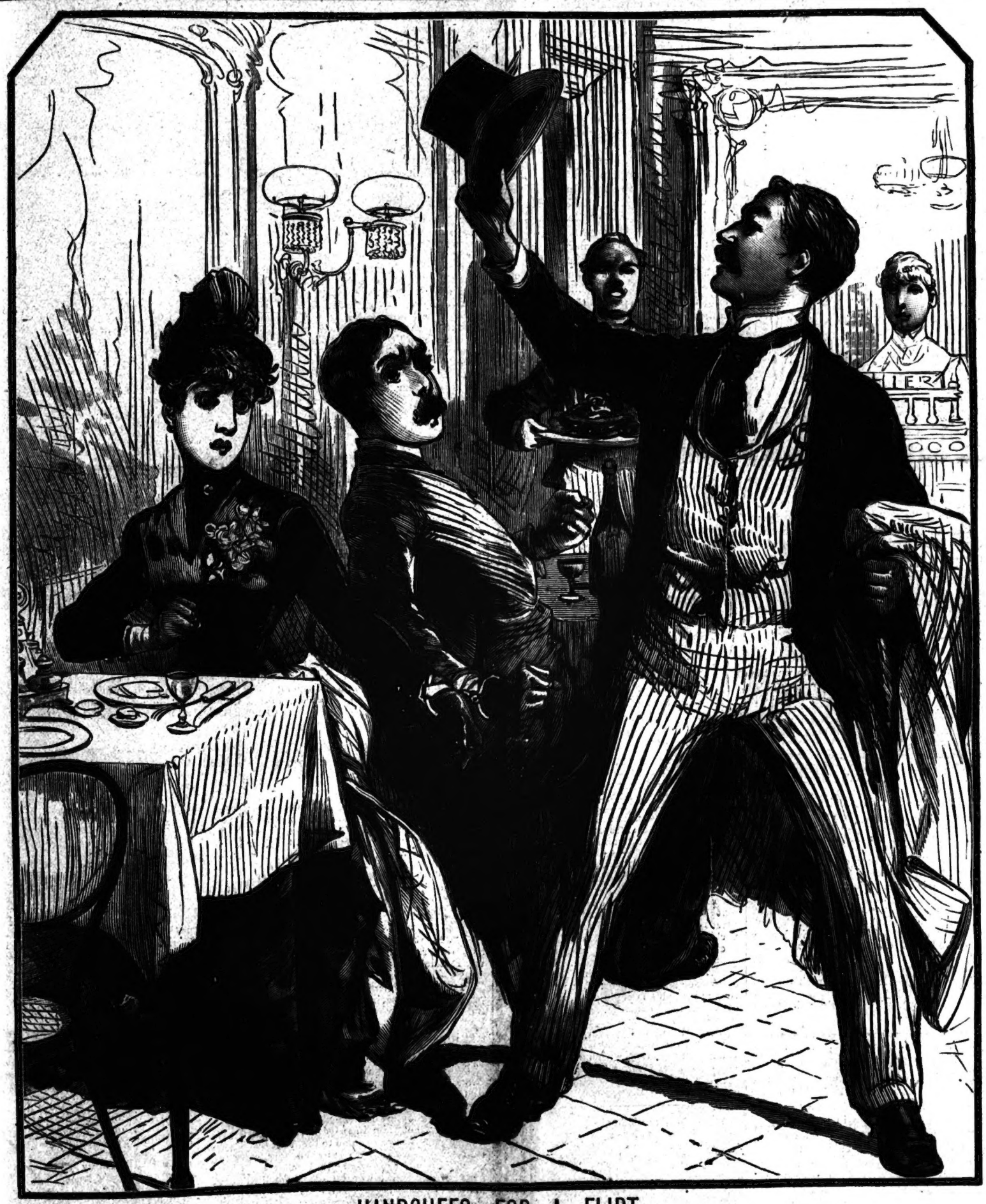

HANDCUFFS FOR A FLIRT.

A Man Serves a Girl and a Masher a Good Lesson in a Restaurant.

The Mirror of Life
ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

Published Weekly by
THE MIRROR OF LIFE CO.,
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FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1894.

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13 WEEKS 13

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OUR MOTTO,

"BE JUST AND FEARLESS."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NEWSAGENT (Cardiff).—Dan Leno was the champion at the time you speak of, but ill-health has compelled him to stop dancing.

L. S. (Bristol).—You have won your wager.

S. N. (Bradford).—Have sent particulars by mail.

W. (Hornsey).—We can use portrait and record.

M. P. (Manchester).—Can't accept your proposition.

H. (Victoria).—It shall receive our attention.

J. McW. (Liverpool).—The man you speak of never met Peter Maher, the Dublin pugilist.

INQUIRER.—THE MIRROR OF LIFE is obtainable of any newsagent throughout the United Kingdom. You can get it post free for thirteen weeks by sending 2s. 8d. to THE MIRROR OF LIFE, 108, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

CONSTANT READER (Belfast).—The Iverna is owned by Mr. Jameson. It was built by Fay and Co. In the year 1893 it won £220 in prizes.

F. J. (Cardiff).—Send us further particulars.

J. G. (Stepney).—See elsewhere in these columns.

JIM CORBETT and his manager Bill Brady are certainly placed in a most ridiculous light before the public, and it will not be a great while before both will creep upon their knees for a match with either Jackson or Fitzsimmons, in order to keep the Gentleman Jack company on a paying basis. Just because they muzzled the press for a time in the States, both laboured under the impression that they could cry down any honest proposal from a first-class man. The public opinion, however, became so strong, and the indignation so pronounced, that the press was actually driven into voicing the sentiments of the people.

The Olympic Athletic made a wise and perfectly legitimate move when it proclaimed Bob Fitzsimmons champion of the world in the heavy-weight division. That naturally drove Corbett and his domineering mouthpiece into such a compromising position that in order to redeem his lost prestige Corbett will be compelled to listen to terms dictated by the lanky Cornwall man.

It is a pleasure to see such a pair of schemers driven into a hole and belittled before the universe, and the public will not in any way blame Bob if he keeps the pair in that position for some time to come. If the whole affair had been arranged between Jackson and Fitz it could not have been worked any better. Peter shut the Corbett party up when he exposed their nefarious scheme to palm off a faked club upon the public, and by leaving the States he placed Corbett in an unenviable light. It left the field clear for Fitz, so that when the latter polished off Creedon in such an easy style he had only to proclaim his desires to wedge Corbett and his following into a corner. The Olympic Club capped the climax by recognising Fitz as the world's champion when Jim turned his back upon an opening to fight for 45,000 dollars.

Fitzsimmons and Corbett are bound to fight eventually, and when they do the Englishman will score a victory. It may seem a broad assertion to make, but a careful summary of the form of both men will convince even the most ardent admirer of Corbett that Fitz is the better man.

* * *

DRIVE a rat into a corner he is bound to make some show of fight, and so it will be with Corbett. If he stood up and shouted for years he could never obliterate from the minds of some people that he is not a coward, and wherever he exhibits he will be a target for jeers and ridicule.

* * *

CHALK is to be complimented upon his selections in our last issue. We hope our readers availed themselves of the 12 to 1 shot about Furze Bush. We not only lead the field in reliable gossip on pugilists, but manage to plump out some good long shots occasionally in our turf notes. We are fairly in it. The public give an excellent display of their appreciation of our efforts by causing our circulation to advance from week to week. Since last May THE MIRROR OF LIFE has taken a legitimate advance of over 10,000 copies, and judging from present indications it will go at least 10,000 higher before the staff sit down to a turkey dinner next Boxing Day. People who doubt what we say have only to give us a call. We don't keep our publishing books under lock and key, neither do we conceal the actual results of the paper from week to week.

* * *

FRANK MCHUGH, the Yankee 8st pugilist, certainly made a foolish move when he vanished so mysteriously from London. The man who brought him here with the object of matching him has our sympathy, because he has been treated in a most shabby manner.

AN OPENING IN ITS VARIOUS PHASES.

Enjoyed by all Classes and Sexes Excepting where it Creates Expense or Inconvenience.

(Subject of Illustration.)

IN our illustration we suggest openings in their various phases. The "bobby" is always prepared to look for an opening for half a pint at some side entrance of a public-house. Street openings are not always appreciated, particularly when a pedestrian slips through a coal hole. Old maids always have an opening for a nice young man. The loafer generally provides an opening for a spring chicken or a sup of beer. Women are ever ready to grasp an opening to purchase goods at a marked-down sale. The husband is invariably afforded an opening to purchase a bonnet. Circus performers accept an opening in a different light, the female rider being content with opening a paper hoop when performing, but the only genuine opening we know of is little Jack-in-the-Box.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men beguile,
She later makes us melancholy
By taking to the stage awhile.

* * *

CÆSAR was a lucky man. He could go around where he pleased, and his wife never asked him annoying questions. She was above suspicion.

DO FRENCHMEN HYPNOTISE ENGLISH PUGILISTS?—We often wonder if the time will ever arrive when finish fights on the Continent will really be fought to a decision. Jem Smith and Alf Greenfield invaded foreign soil nearly ten years ago to give a display of their milling capacities with the raw 'uns for what was announced as the English Championship. Smith did really have the best of that battle, and should have won had it not been for the tribe of lawless wretches who were at the ring side in the interest of Greenfield. The next "cove" Smith inveigled to France was Jake Kilrain, and after they played "hide and seek" in the ring, on December 19, 1887, for two and a half hours, during which time 106 rounds were gone through, the pair "kissed and made up" their differences, being content with exhibiting about England as the two big 'uns who didn't fight to a finish. It was on a gloomy day in March of the following year at Chantilly that John L. Sullivan was satisfied to call it a draw with Charley Mitchell after playing about for three hours and eleven minutes, during which time thirty-nine rounds were struggled through.

Smith naturally felt jealous of Sullivan and Mitchell making a draw out of a finish fight, and to further advance his record of undecided "mills," he brought Frank P. Slavin to the borders of Belgium, December 23, 1889, for an argument, and, after fourteen rounds, he was well satisfied for his mob of hirelings to invade the ring. It, of course, saved him from a defeat, and that was indeed a big saving to a man who had, a month previously, been beaten by Peter Jackson in two rounds.

* * *

ARTHUR CALLAN and Jack Gover are giving Smith a hard push for undecided knuckle fights, because they have interviewed each other on two occasions on French soil recently. We must say, however, that both went there and fought strictly on their merits in a most honourable way. Neither sought an unfair advantage, and used their efforts to restrain any of the unsavoury lot from being in attendance. Since the last go we have seen Arthur, but Jack has not yet put in an appearance. Judging from rumours, we shall have to go in search of the Edmonton lad, and if in our travels we come in contact with a fellow whose "physog" is beaten out of all semblance of humanity, we shall at once come to the conclusion that we have met Gover. They are both game as pebbles, good fighters, but luck appears to be against their finishing their argument. It reminds us considerably of a continued story, just as you reach the most interesting stages (To be continued in our next). We have had two chapters served up, and we are now patiently waiting for the concluding one.

* * *

WITH gloves it would be odds on Callan as a winner, and no doubt the next meeting will restrict the men to covered hands.

* * *

PILLS are excellent for pugilists to take previous to preparing for a battle, and as high as four are served up as a dose. Corbett is averse to taking any such medicine; consequently when Bob Fitzsimmons served him with a bitter pill in the shape of a challenge for the championship and 45,000 dollars, Jimmy took refuge behind Bill Brady, in hopes that Bill would be equal to the occasion, and convince the pub'ic that Bob's pill was not the proper sort for Corbett. Though he schemed about a great deal Fitz got him in a corner, so that Corbett was forced to come to the front and relinquish his claim to any honours as champion in the heavy-weight division, and acknowledge to the world he was actually afraid of the lanky Cornwall man.

Such things force us to rack our brains to figure out if wonders will ever cease, though, of course, it is only, as THE MIRROR OF LIFE predicted months ago, as regards Corbett and Fitzsimmons.

* * *

LOOK OUT FOR THE BIG 'UN.—We have been told from a pretty reliable source that a big 'un is about to come forward and lay claim to the heavy-weight championship of England. Up to the present he is an unknown quantity, though, they say, he had displayed excellent fistic form in trial bouts, in fact so good that a gentleman is prepared to chance a large sum of money on him in a fight with any heavy-weight in the world. The mysterious big 'un is above six feet in height, would weigh about 13st in condition, and at the present time is arranging to purchase his release from the Army. Probably in our next issue we shall be at liberty to speak more freely on the subject. If he turns out to be a thorough good man he will be well received, especially if he seeks legitimate fighting to a lot of advertising and newspaper notoriety.

* * *

WAS HE FLATTERING US?—Nowadays people are given so much to what is termed "kidding," that we naturally feel a trifle suspicious when flattery is bestowed upon us too thick. A well-known editor of a provincial paper wrote the other day:—"Your Rip Van Winkle story on fighters was quite an innovation, and you certainly deserve a vast amount of credit for grinding out such a mess of stuff. I'm quite sure such a brilliant article will be fully appreciated, because it anticipates a lot of facts bound to transpire." We were in our sober senses when we perused the epistle, then we got "three sheets in the wind," just to see how it would appear to us when in that condition. The more we gulped down the better it appeared. We are a trifle suspicious, however, and now we would like to know, was he flattering us, and if so for what purpose? We are overdrawn in our wage account, so if it is a case of "kidding" in hopes of a good time when our beloved brother visits London, it will simmer down to "love's labour lost."

* * *

IT has arrived. Ha, ha! It's funny, but nevertheless a fact. Saw daylight for the first time Thursday. What, don't you know? Why its a ten-pound boy, and belongs to the boss of the show. If you had been sitting in our sanctum the other afternoon you would have seen a man rather below the medium height, race breathlessly in and sink in our large cushioned easy chair. He was too badly winded to speak, so he wrote upon a piece of paper, "It's a ten-pound boy." That was sufficient, so we bounded up out of our chair and shook his hand in a vociferous manner. We realised our time had arrived, knowing him to be in extremely good humour, so we struck for an increase in salary. We got it. Yes, we could have accomplished most ends just at that moment, because cigars and nothing short of wine flowed like water. We got boozed, and so did the rest of the staff. Now we are waiting for the christening, because that means another celebration, maybe.

Don't we wish the event would occur every day! It's a novelty with the boss, but by the time he passes through the ordeal on as many occasions as we have it will appear as time-worn as some of our "phunnygraphs." We had the pleasure of gazing upon the new arrival, and the way we flattered the boss upon his good looks was a caution. Certainly we told him baby resembled papa, and was too cute for anything. Any time we long for a tankard now we hunt up the boss and flatter him on the smart baby. That settles all argument; he stands treat, and, mind you, his face is wreathed in smiles when he planks down the money in payment. We must acknowledge the little fellow is pretty active. About the first thing he did was to put up his hands after the style of Bob Fitzsimmons. Talk about lung power; well, just remove to his neighbourhood and judge for yourself.

SILAS (OILEY) JOHN.

A Cardiff Pugilist who is a Good Man at 8st 6lb.

(With Portrait.)

SILAS, better known as Oiley, John is one of the cleverest men in Wales at 8st 6lb. He was born October 12, 1863, and stands in height 5ft 4in. During his ring career he has beaten Patsy O'Leary, a prominent American feather-weight, for a purse. He has also disposed of George Trapp, of Cheltenham, in ten rounds, and Lewis Isaac in six rounds. He is open to meet anyone in Wales at even weight for a suitable stake and purse. Any pugilist weighing within 8st who visits Cardiff always finds a tough customer in Oiley John.

VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

THE following visitors have called at THE MIRROR OF LIFE office during the past week:—Paul Billing, champion of Germany at wrestling and weight-lifting; Harry Munro, Mike Small, Harry Spurden, Alf Standbrook; Joe Harris, Australian bookmaker; George Aldridge, The Sun, Lincoln's Inn Fields; Joe Craig, The Old King's Head, Leicester Square; Mr. Fullerton, New York; Bill Baxter, Charles Mawson; and Arthur Callan.

FAMOUS RACING MEN.

THE Right Honourable Jonathan Peel was the fifth son of the first Sir Robert Peel, upon whom, in return for his steady support in the House of Commons, and for much valuable advice in connection with the management of our national finances, Mr. Pitt conferred a baronetcy in 1800. Jonathan was born on October 12, 1799. His eldest brother, afterwards the great Sir Robert, was educated by his father for a political career, and the other three brothers had already embraced different professions when Jonathan joined the army as ensign in a marching regiment. He was but a boy of fifteen when he received his first commission in the memorable month of June, 1815, just three days before the battle of Waterloo. The peace that followed prevented him from seeing service, and his subsequent steps in his profession were obtained by purchase. But in 1854 General Peel repeatedly applied to Lord Panmure for permission to join the British army before Sebastopol; his applications, however, were coldly refused, on the alleged ground of his age, though he was still a hale and vigorous man in his fifty-fifth year. Few frequenters of Newmarket thirty years ago will fail to remember the General's erect figure, unprotected by even the lightest greatcoat, though the keen October blasts were sweeping across the Heath with a cutting force that made the ulster-clad sportsman often shiver, and the man who could do that at sixty-five could surely have faced with impunity even a Russian winter at fifty-five. General Peel commenced his turf career in 1821, when he was part owner of some horses with the Duke of Richmond and Lord Stradbroke. In that year, as he informed Lord Rosebery's Select Horse Committee in 1873, he bred Fille de Joie, whilst he won three two-year-old races in 1853, and ran second for the Oaks to Lord Jersey's Cobweb in 1824. It was not till the year 1830, however, that General Peel's name first appeared in the *Calendar*, when he raced in confederacy with his relative, General Yates. Two years later he took a leading position on the turf through the victory of his horse, Archibald, in the Two Thousand Guineas, and his good fortune culminated with the triumph of his Orlando in the Derby of 1844, for which race his horse Ionian was second. That was one of the most sensational Derbys on record, and will be always associated with the exposure of as iniquitous a fraud as has ever disgraced the turf. A horse, entered on the card as "Mr. A. Wood's Running Rein, by The Saddler, out of Queen Mab by Duncan Grey," ridden by Mann, came in first; but, having been fully proved, to the satisfaction of the Jockey Club, to be four years old, was disqualified, and the race awarded to Orlando. Mr. Weatherby, on receiving notice that a suit had been commenced by Wood, paid the stakes into the Court of Exchequer, and Mr. Wood, the owner of the pseudo three-year-old, brought an action against General, then Colonel, Peel for recovery of the said stakes. The issue to be tried was "whether a certain horse called Running Rein was a colt foaled in 1841, whose sire was the Saddler and dam Queen Mab?" The case of the plaintiff was, that his horse was three years old, and no more, and that the pedigree he gave was the true one. The defendant's case was, that the colt, Running Rein, which came in first for the Derby, was not what he was represented as being, but a bay colt by Gladiator, dam by Capsicum, and bred by Sir C. Ibbotson in 1840. The cause was heard before Baron Alderson and a special jury on the 1st of July, 1841. The judge insisted on the horse being produced, but the plaintiff, on the second day of the trial, stated, that though he was most anxious to produce the horse after his lordship's observations, it was quite out of his power to do so, as the animal had been removed by some parties without his knowledge or consent, and he did not know where it was to be found; whereupon Baron Alderson sternly said that this was a case of horse-stealing, and that if he had the trying of it he would certainly transport all concerned in it for life. The plaintiff's case having thus broken down, the jury found a verdict for the defendant, and Orlando was duly and legally declared winner of the Derby of 1844.

It gave General Peel an opportunity of conspicuously displaying his high sense of honour. He had laid his friend Lord Glasgow £10,000 to £100 against Ionian. When he tried the latter horse in the spring he was surprised to find that the colt was nearly as good as his stable companion, Orlando, and owner, trainer, and jockey came to the conclusion that if anything went wrong with Orlando, Ionian must win. Under these circumstances the General got his money covered at some sacrifice, and told Lord Glasgow to give his own orders to the jockey who was put up. The result proved the correctness of his judgment. The reluctance, too, exhibited by Colonel Peel to declare to win with Taffrail, when he had the Cambrigeshire of 1848 at his command, either with her or with Dacia, was a noble instance of a consideration for the public which has certainly gone out of fashion in our own times. In the Newmarket Second October Meeting of 1878 the purple jacket and orange cap, familiar on most English racecourses for nerry sixty years, was borne to victory for the last time by a colt upon which his owner, always happy in the selection of names, bestowed the appopriate designation of Peter; for, not only was a son of Hermit aptly so-called, but the name had a further significance. A group of old turfites had given Lord Glasgow, General Peel's life-long friend, the *sobriquet* of Peter, and never called that touchy and eccentric old sportsman by any other name. In days when Newmarket was anathematised by North-country trainers, and especially by John Scott, as being unfit to train a donkey upon, General Peel elected to keep his stud there, and he lived to see the arrival of a time when half the racehorses in England take their gallops in the neighbourhood of the little town whereat so many of his happiest hours were spent. The knoll upon which he often stood, gazing with an eye that nothing could escape upon the struggling horses as they streamed "Across the Flat," no longer affords an unbroken view of the many races which finish at the end of the Rowley Mile. A huge stand, strangely out of harmony with the traditions of Newmarket as it was when the General first knew it, now intercepts the gaze of the spectator, and excludes him from a sight of the finish. But it will be long before the memory of the conversations in which, after a great race, the General loved to indulge, will pass out of the minds of those who were privileged to hear him. It was often said by those intimately acquainted with the late Dr. Arnold that a great general was spoilt when he took holy orders and became a schoolmaster; and in like manner an incomparable describer of races, and of their salient incidents, was lost to such fame as the pen, ably wielded, can bestow when General Peel was born to the possession of a fortune which enabled him to become the owner of Slane, Vulture, Tom, Orlando, Tadmor, and Peter.

In his youth General Peel was known as a spirited bettor; and there is a tradition that his earliest acquaintance with General Sir John Byng, father of the present Lord Strafford, was marked by an incident of a most amusing character. Sir John Byng, who was as fond of the turf as the rest of his sporting race, took his seat one day at the head of the mess as colonel of the regiment. Conversation turned upon the Doncaster St. Leger, which was close at hand; and Sir John, being anxious to back a horse belonging to Lord Fitzwilliam, opened his negotiations by offering to take 5,000 to 100 about another horse in the same stable. From his long acquaintance with the officers of his own regiment he thought it extremely improbable that his offer would be accepted; but his consternation may be imagined when, from the lower end of the table, a voice was heard to issue from a young officer, who belonged to another regiment, and whose presence as a guest had not been noticed by the colonel. "Done, sir," exclaimed the young stranger, "I will lay you 50 hundreds to 1." The bet was booked with a wry face by Sir John Byng; and this was the commencement of a friendship which extended through three generations.

The General had two trainers during his long career on the turf—Coope, who trained through the times of Orlando and Tadmor, and Joseph Dawson in later years, down to the time of Peter. His favourite jockeys were Arthur Pavis and Nat Flatman. Personally General Peel was the kindest, gentlest, and most amiable of men. He was a member of the House of Commons from 1826 to 1868; and during that long period he never made an enemy. Indeed, it was said of him, at the time he was Secretary for War, that he was too amiable to make a good Cabinet Minister. He died at his beautiful seat, Marble Hill, Twickenham, on February 13, 1879, in the 80th year of his age. It was once the suburban villa of Mrs. Howard, afterwards the Countess of Suffolk, who was long the *chère amie* of George II.; and in his "Heart of Midlothian" Sir Walter Scott represents—not without an exaggeration of poetic license—that George's Queen, Caroline of Anspach, was a visitor at Lady Suffolk's villa upon the occasion when the famous Duke of Argyle and Greenwich carried Jeannie Deans into the presence of Her Majesty, to plead for the life of her condemned sister Effie. The ideal scene that ensued in the garden of Marble Hill has so passed into the domain of actual history that the avenue of elm trees extending from the house down to the bank of the adjoining Thames has long borne the name of "Jeannie Deans's Walk." It has been curiously scrutinised by thousands of passengers, who have scanned it from the boats which wafted them to and fro upon the river, and who have forgotten that Jeannie and Effie Deans and their stiff-necked old father are merely "the shadows of a dream." But henceforward the avenue will be invested in the eyes of sightseers with an increased respect, when it is remembered that in the adjoining house one of the most upright and popular sportsmen and owners of racehorses that his country has known brought his long and distinguished career to an honourable close.

MRS. FASHION: "Have you no style, Henry? I really think you would put diamonds in a flannel shirt!"

Mr. Fashion: "Don't fear it! Your dressmaker will never give me a chance!"

JAMES (JUMPER) HOWE.

Matched to Fight Charles Beadling at Newcastle, October 29, for £100.

(With Portrait.)

JAMES—otherwise known as Jumper—Howe is matched to fight Charley Beadling with four-ounce gloves at Newcastle-on-Tyne, October 29, for £100. He was born at Gateshead-on-Tyne in August, 1861. When but seventeen years of age he took to foot-racing, defeating Andrew McCarty on two occasions in one-mile runs for £25 a-side on each match. He next secured first in a £10 sprint handicap at Victoria Grounds, Newcastle, and subsequently captured a £50 handicap at the same place. At Barnsley, Yorkshire, he won a £60 handicap, and then turned his attention to boxing. His first victory was over James Johnstone, of Sunderland, whom he defeated in twenty-two minutes with the raw 'uns for £50. Since then he has beaten Robert Foster, of Gateshead, for £50; beat Smith, of Sunderland, for £50; beat Clines, of Bilston, for £50, in four and a half minutes; beat Victur Layton, of Newcastle, in eight rounds, for £50; beat Layton in a second match in twelve rounds, for £100; beat Patsy O'Leary, in eight rounds, for £100; beaten by Fred Johnson, of London, in twelve rounds, for £200 and the 8st 10lb championship; beaten by Jem Stevens, of London, in twenty rounds, for £100; was beaten by James Johnson, of Sunderland, in nine rounds, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, April 4, 1894, for £100.

Johnson is a clever boxer, and can fight as low as 8st 10lb.

A TRAIN HELD UP.

Highwaymen in the States Rob a Railway Train of a Vast Amount of Gold.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A QUARTETTE of highwaymen held up a train, September 30, on the Southern Pacific Railway, near Maricopa, in Arizona Territory. The robbery was cleverly planned and daringly executed. One of the gang travelled in the train from Maricopa, his companions having posted themselves some distance along the line. As the train approached the two latter caused it to slacken speed by false signals, and when it slowed down their confederate on board ran to the locomotive, and covering the driver and the fireman with a revolver forced them to uncouple the engine and then steam ahead for nearly a mile. Thence he compelled them to walk back in front of him to the train, which the two others had been busily engaged in ransacking. Two wearing masks entered the express car while the other stood on guard outside to prevent resistance on the part of the passengers. The latter, however, submitted quietly, and no shots were fired. When the robbery was completed the three mounted horses, which had been kept in readiness near the spot, and made off. It is claimed they got 20,000 dollars worth of gold.

PAUL BELLENG.

A Berlin Athlete who Aspires for Championship Honours as a Græco-Roman Wrestler and Weight-Lifter.

(With Portrait.)

PAUL BELLENG gives promise of forging himself into the front ranks as a weight-lifter and wrestler at Græco-Roman style. He was born in Berlin twenty-three years ago, stands in height 5ft 11¼in, and weighs 15st 10lb. At weight-lifting Belleng can raise with one hand a weight of 200lb to arm's length above the shoulder on a steady lift. With the use of two hands he can elevate to arm's length above the shoulder a 290lb weight. In Germany he has been victorious in competitions at weight-lifting and Græco-Roman wrestling. He seeks a match with Tom Cannon, best in three falls, to occur at Liverpool or Berlin, the winner to take the entire gate receipts. Pony Moore is interested in him financially, and Alf. Standbrook acts as adviser to Belleng.

BEN HARRIS.

An East London All-round Sporting Man who Makes an Efficient M.C.

(With Portrait.)

WITH the sporting men in the East-end the name of Ben Harris stands well in the front. He is an expert billiardist and sparrer, and officiates as a master of ceremonies at boxing shows. He has taught and brought into prominence such clever pugilists as Alf. Gower, Fred Johnson, and Charley Smith. He is well in touch with the fraternity, and can, at short notice, produce a good lad at most any weight to do battle. He is prepared to match his ten-year-old daughter, Beckie, to swim any girl of the same age for £100 a-side. She has won numerous prizes in swimming contests. Ben Harris is but thirty-five years of age, and gives sparring instruction at "The Victory," in Stepney.

"You are looking rather delicate."

"I am feeling so. It would not take much of a touch to break me."

SHE TOOK A DROP.

A Female Aeronaut Meets With a Frightful Death in Being a Drop with a Parachute.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"A SHOCKING accident occurred near Nashville, Tennessee," writes an American correspondent, "which should be a warning to all parachute artists and aeronauts. A female aeronaut made an ascension recently, and when 2,000 feet above the ground, she was preparing to make her descent with a parachute, when some of the ropes snapped, and, instead of maintaining her presence of mind, she let go of the parachute and dashed to the ground one mass of broken bones, expiring within a few moments thereafter."

CRAZED BY LIQUOR.

The Strange Freak of an East Londoner who tried to Kill his Wife and Child.

(Subject of Illustration.)

HAD it not been for the timely assistance of a neighbour a rum-crazed East Londoner would have destroyed the lives of his wife and child. Upon reaching home his wife chided him for being in a maudlin condition. Without a word of warning he grasped her whilst she was nursing a babe in her arms and put her through the window. He held her suspended in the air, head downwards, and was about to let her drop to the pavement when the man who resided directly beneath the family opened his window and caught the unfortunate woman, bringing her into his room. The rum-crazed wretch was captured and placed under restraint till sobered up.

MIKE SMALL.

A Clever Boxer who has Held the 7st 4lb Championship of England.

(With Portrait.)

MIKE SMALL ranks as one of our best lads at 7st 4lb, at which weight he has held the championship of England. He was born at Holloway, London, twenty-five years ago, and stands 5ft 2¼in in height. His performances may be summed up as follows: Won an eight stone competition at Lambeth; beat Fatty Harvey, seven rounds; beat Bill Burley, seven rounds; beat George Millar, eight rounds; beat George Murray, twice; beat Alf Green, eight rounds; beat Ted Hall, three rounds; beat Charles Wright, twice, in four and ten rounds respectively; beat Bert Smith, four rounds; beat Con Rous, old style, five rounds; beat Joe Berry, four rounds; beat Fred Sullivan, seven rounds; beat Bill Mortimer, for £100 and the 7st 4lb championship; beaten by Bill Moore, twenty-four rounds; fought Moore to a draw; beat Jack Russell twice in twelve-round contests; beat Dick Cozens, six rounds; beaten by Jem Knowles, twenty rounds; beat Jack Hutchins, eight rounds; beat Latherwell, five rounds; beat Ted Yarnell, ten rounds; beat Bill Rose, seven rounds; beat Lall Hunt, of Nottingham, five rounds; beat Jack Hicks, thirteen rounds; beat Wag Lansdown, twenty rounds; beaten by Pedlar Palmer, six rounds; beat Harry Brown, three rounds, for the 7st 4lb championship at Wolverhampton, October 10, 1893.

ROBERT WATSON.

A Cambridge Publican who is a Patron of Sparring Sport.

(With Portrait.)

ANY of the sporting fraternity who visit Cambridge make their headquarters at The Royal Arms, King Street, kept by Robert Watson, who is always ready to assist in advancing the interests in any legitimate sporting event about to occur in that section. He is a great admirer of Harry Spurden, and it was at the Royal Arms where the 9st champion stopped when in training for his last battle. Mr. Watson is decidedly popular in Cambridge, and irrespective of his sporting proclivities, he stands well up as a publican in that section.

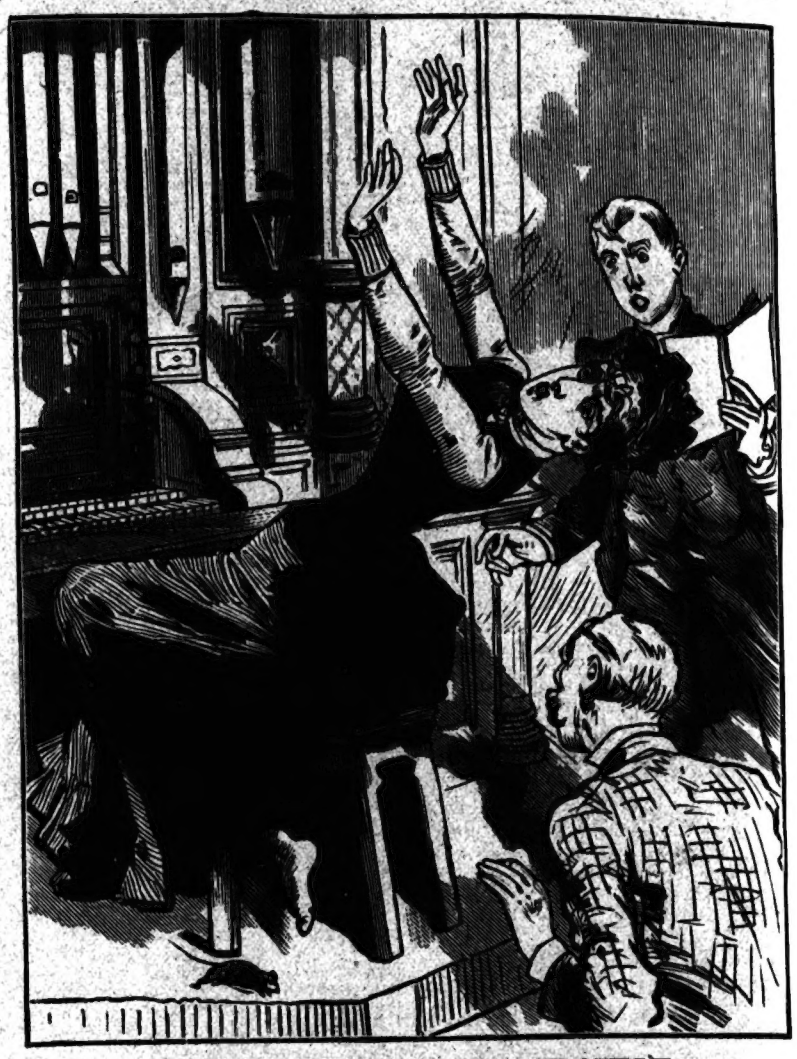
HARRY SPURDEN.

Champion Pugilist of Great Britain at Nine Stone.

(With Portrait.)

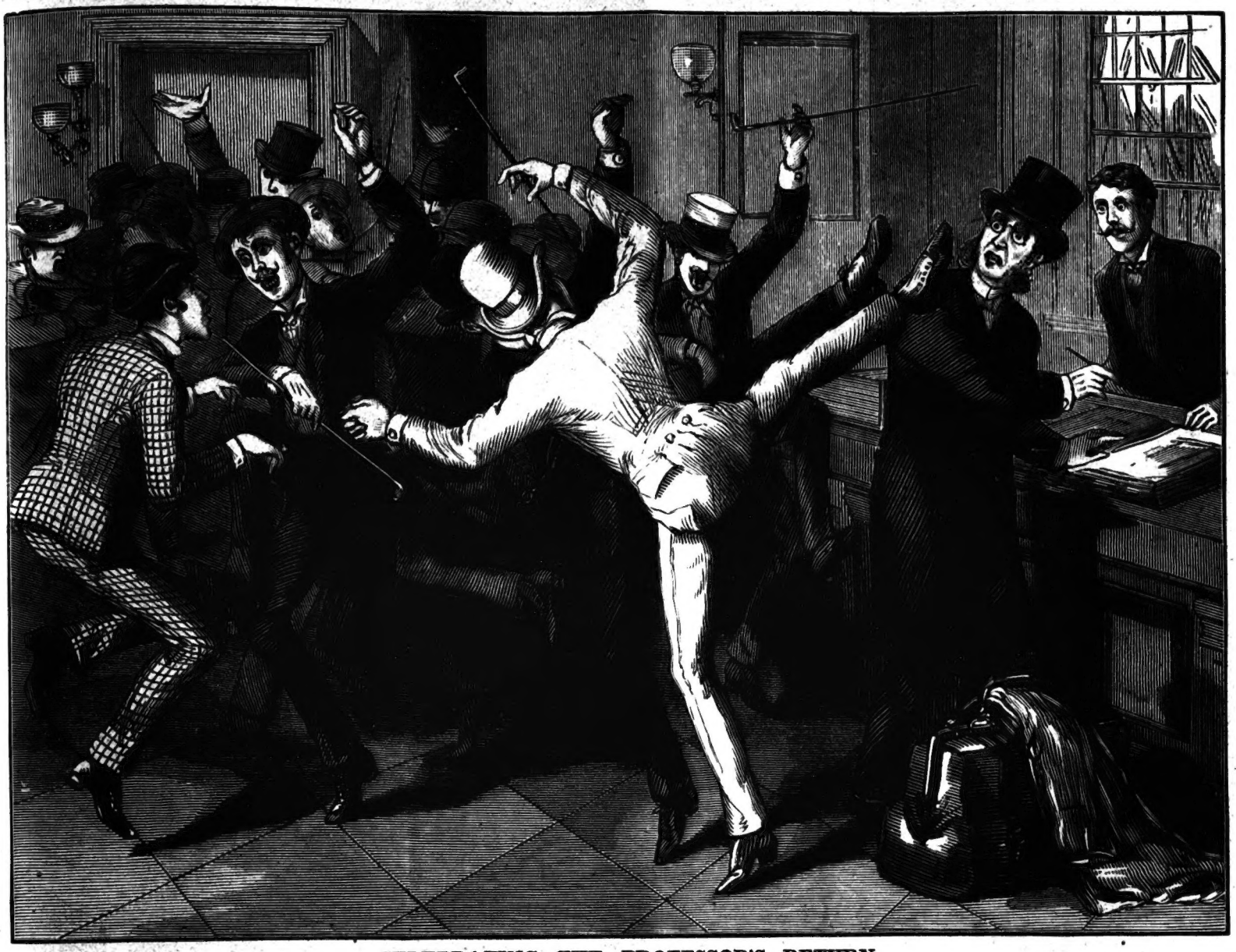
PATRONS of boxing will be pleased to learn that the clever, unassuming 9st champion of Great Britain, Harry Spurden, is recovering from the injury he sustained to his right arm. It will be remembered that he entered the ring with Darkey Barton last spring with an injured right arm, and with good generalship and an effective left hand he vanquished Barton after a protracted engagement. Soon as the physician pronounces Spurden's arm to be thoroughly well the 9st champion will be prepared to take on anybody at even weight for a suitable purse and side bet. Spurden is a game, determined fellow, and has many friends amongst the patrons of boxing on account of his quiet and gentlemanly conduct.

LOVE LETTERS AS WALL-PAPER.
How Barmaids Make Use of Letters Sent Them by Admirers.



A MOUSE CAUSED THE TROUBLE.
A Female Organist Faints at the Sight of a Mouse in the Church.

READ HER FORTUNE ON A TOMB.
A North London Girl's Method to Find if Her Lover was Faithful.



CELEBRATING THE PROFESSOR'S RETURN.

College Students Enjoy Themselves to the Discomfiture of a Professor.

A TRAIN HELD UP.

Highwaymen in the States Rob a Railway Train of a Vast Amount of Gold.

IN the baths at Woodside, Glasgow, October 1, the first international team swimming race was decided. Scotland was represented by Thompson, Jenkins, Miller, and Shirra, and England by Tyers, Kay, Coe, and Lister. The race was over the 50 yards course, and the aggregate time taken of the four swimmers on each side. The feature of the contest was expected to be the struggle between Thompson and Tyers, representative short distance champions. The greatest excitement prevailed as the men lined up. Shirra and Coe started first, and the Scotsman won. Miller and Lister went next, but on the touching it was seen that Scotland had still further increased her advantage. The next pair, Jenkins and Kay, went down at a desperate pace, but the home man well maintained his lead. When Tyers entered the pond Thompson had risen from his plunge. The Englishman's swimming caused a tremendous sensation, as he shot through the water like a dart. At the turn he had gained, but Thompson made a tremendous effort and won the race on the touch, amid indescribable enthusiasm.

* * *

A SCULLERS' race took place October 1, from Putney to Mortlake, between Mo Gibson, of Putney, and Tom Green, jun., of Barnes, for stakes of £25 a-side. This was a return match, Green beating his antagonist easily last April. On this occasion, however, Gibson turned the tables, although only after a stubborn race to Hammersmith, where Green just led. From the start to the Suspension Bridge it was merely a question of feet, first one and then the other having a slight advantage, but at this point Green got into a nasty current formed by the buttress of the bridge, and lost over a length. Gibson was much too close to the Surrey bank at the time, and his pilot was really the cause of Green's trouble, and risked a foul by the manœuvre had Green not given way. After this it was a procession, Gibson going right away and winning as he liked, the respective times being 23min 19sec and 23min 57sec.

* * *

JAMES RYMER, of Homerton; Peter Moss, of Camberwell; Robert George Hardie, of Notting Hill Gate; Tom Steele, of Bethnal Green; E. R. Hardie, of Bow; and Maurice Cohen, of Stepney, are to be the contestants for the shaving trophy given by THE MIRROR OF LIFE. At their last meeting they agreed that it required six nights to bring the affair to a decision, and decided that the first two nights should be at the East-end, two at Camberwell, and two at Notting Hill Gate. In order to settle preliminary matters a representative of THE MIRROR OF LIFE has obtained the refusal of Beaumont Hall, Mile End, for October 29 and November 1; Masonic Hall, Camberwell, November 5 and 8; and Victoria Hall, Notting Hill Gate, November 12 and 19. Ten subjects a night will be allotted to each man, the competitors to produce the men to be operated upon. A set of judges will be appointed, and they shall elect a referee and timekeeper. Should they fail to agree mutually upon an efficient man, then THE MIRROR OF LIFE will appoint the officials requisite.

The contest will be conducted with the utmost fairness in order that the best man will win. The one who is fortunate enough to secure the verdict will be recognised by all tonsorial artists and the public as the champion of the world at rapid and clean shaving.

In addition to the shaving contest, a suitable programme will be provided, giving a first-class musical and variety entertainment. The talent has already been engaged, and are in daily rehearsal.

Indications point to a successful show, and as the gate receipts will be divided proportionately amongst the contestants, each man will doubtlessly be well paid for his loss of time. The affair is creating considerable interest, and a respectable sum of money will be wagered upon the result by the admirers of the respective competitors.

* * *

AT the games of the New York Athletic Club, on September 22, J. L. Mitchell established fresh figures for putting the 56lb weight, while E. C. Carter, the old Finchley Harrier, won the ten miles race.

Throwing the 56lb weight (handicap): Won by James S. Mitchell, New York A.C., scratch, with a throw of 35ft. 10in.; G. Wuttrich, Pastime A.C., 3ft. 6in., was second with 32ft. 6in.; and B. C. Davies, New Jersey A.C., 6ft., was third with 31ft. 3½in. Mitchell's throw beat the world's record by ½in.

Ten miles run for the championship of the Amateur Athletic Union (scratch): Won by E. C. Carter, New York Athletic Club, with E. H. Baynes, Suburban Harriers, second, and Hamilton Gray, St. George's A.C., third. Time, 58min. 8 1-5sec.

* * *

C. G. WRIDGWAY, Anerley and North Road Clubs, holder of the Brighton and back record, and ex-holder of the Anchor Shield, made a successful attempt to regain the Bath and back record, standing at 14hr 22min 51sec, by F. Martin, Bath Road Club, made on Saturday, the 29th ult. Starting from Theale at 4hr 2min p.m., Wridgeway completed the full journey (212½ miles) in 12hr 55min 14sec, beating the record by 1hr 27min 37sec.

* * *

JOHN HARDIE, of Portobello Road, Bayswater, brother of Robert George Hardie, desires to inform tonsorial artists that should his brother fail to win THE MIRROR OF LIFE championship trophy he will stand prepared to take on the winner or any rapid shaver in the kingdom for a suitable stake.

* * *

FISHERMEN'S takes on the Thames have greatly varied during the last week, and the same remark applies to the Lea, although anglers this month generally look forward to making some good baskets. In regard to the tidal waters, the roach and dace are making down stream from Richmond and Twickenham, some fine catches having been had as low as Kew. On the Sussex Arun satisfactory catches have been secured by London clubs, and at Pulborough and Amberley individual takes of 20lb and 25lb are reported. The previous week the Suffolk Stour was in fair order, but it is now very clear, and fishing is almost at a standstill. Four stone of bream were landed on October 4 at Ormesby Broad. The New Albion Piscatorials fished a competition in the Hampshire Avon, at Ringwood, on Thursday; but their anticipations of big baskets from this celebrated river were not realised, the water being exceptionally clear and weedy. The first prize was taken with less than 6lb of fish.

ALF. STANDBROOK.

A Promoter of Boxing Sport in London.

(With Portrait.)

ALF. STANDBROOK is well-known by the patrons of pugilism as a teacher of boxing and a promoter of contests. He has headquarters at the Rising Sun, Old Scotland Yard, and when not employed in giving instructions to pupils he is busily engaged promoting contests between local lights. During the past few years he has brought together many of the prominent men of the present day in limited round battles for purses and in competitions.

GEORGE MAWSON.

The Famous Steeplechase Jockey.

(With Portrait.)

GEORGE MAWSON, the famous steeplechase jockey, is a brother of Charles Mawson, the comedian. He is well known as a fearless rider, and one of the leading steeplechase jockeys of the day. At the Derby Hunt Meeting this year Mawson had six mounts in the two days, of which he rode five winners and a second. He became famous when he rode Playfair to victory in the Liverpool Grand National in 1888. It was a well-known fact that the stable relied upon Aladdin, and when the latter was hopelessly beaten, Mawson, who exercised great judgment, brought Playfair to the front when two hurdles from home, and won easily by ten lengths. Amongst other winners ridden by Mawson we may mention Aladdin, when he won the Grand Hurdle Race of France at Auteuil. He also rode Horizon when he beat Cloister (winner of the Grand National) by fifteen lengths for a £1,000 steeplechase at Sandown Park, after riding Horizon in a two-mile hurdle race for £1,000, and was beaten by Partizan (a short head) the same afternoon. Mawson rode Dornoch when he ran a dead heat with Alceus for the December Hurdle Race. The following day Mawson rode Dornoch when he beat Stourhead and Jacob in the Lambton Hurdle Race by twelve lengths. On the same afternoon Mawson steered Coraline to victory in the Sandown Grand Hurdle Race.

Mawson has been sixteen years with Mr. Tom Cannon, Master of Danebury (and father of Morny and Tom Cannon, jun.), with whom he served his apprenticeship, and is now head steeplechase jockey for that gentleman.

BACON: "Do you think Bentley's straight?"

Egbert: "He used to be before he took to riding a bicycle."

* * *

JONES: "No; I have no debts now."

Brown: "How's that?"

Jones: "I borrowed some money and paid them up."

JAMES GREGORY.

A Well-Known Angler and Music-Hall Manager of Birmingham.

(With Portrait.)

THE name of James Gregory stands high in music-hall circles. For a long period he was manager of Day's Crystal Palace of Varieties, Birmingham, which was at one time considered the foremost music-hall in the provinces. He was always well to the front in securing novelties, and when he left, just prior to the place being sold, the event was regretted by the frequenters. Mr. Gregory is an enthusiastic follower of Izaak Walton, and can spin a yarn with the best of the brethren of the rod. Indeed, his fish stories would take a lot of beating, and put in the shade the famous snake tales from the far West of the United States. The subject of this notice is now busy with a scheme for assisting the many Crimean and Indian Mutiny veterans in Birmingham.

A TRAGEDY AVOIDED.

An Enraged Parent Attempts to Slay a Schoolmaster for Thrashing His Lad.

(Subject of Illustration.)

SCHOOLMASTERS are not so patient and gentle as one might imagine. We know of one instance, in Kent, where lads of tender years have been badly maltreated by the master striking them with the closed hand about the head. Another instance, which provoked considerable laughter, was where the schoolmaster took an unruly boy, drew down his trousers, and, grasping the lad around the waist with his left arm, carried him from room to room, spanking the kid, to the edification of the other lads and the humiliation of the victim. The youngster took umbrage at such treatment, and going home procured a hammer. He returned after dinner hour with the hammer stuck up under his coat. The master again attempted to take liberties with the lad, and as he approached him the youngster hurled the hammer, striking him in the head. He fell senseless to the floor. We understand since then the master has held the lad in respect, and refrains from punishing him when he creates any mischief.

We are informed of another instance of a private school in the North where the master inflicted severe punishment upon an unruly scholar. When the father ascertained the manner in which his son had been treated he became so enraged that he visited the school-house armed with a knife. Approaching the schoolmaster, he drew forth the knife and attempted to take the master's life, but was held at bay by a revolver; the timely arrival of a friend prevented a serious termination. It is safe to say that the schoolmaster will in future be more careful about the punishment he inflicts upon the scholars.

READ HER FORTUNE ON A TOMB.

A North London Girl's Method to Find if Her Lover was Faithful.

(Subject of Illustration.)

HORNSEY folks have found no end of amusement in commenting upon the three tombstones that are placed side by side in the cemetery, their inscriptions being respectively Ginn, Whittles, Ann Grubb. Officers parading by the place are frequently heard to comment upon the epitaphs. The other night an officer on duty perceived a lantern resting upon a tomb. He entered the graveyard, and upon approaching the spot he saw a young lady, not over sixteen years of age, with a pack of cards strewn out, reading her fortune. Upon questioning the intruder, she informed the officer that the name upon the tombstone was the same as that of her betrothed, and it was her desire to ascertain, by reading the cards, whether her lover was faithful to her or not. She is well known and prominently connected in that section, and considerable comment respecting her strange actions has been the result.

A MOUSE CAUSED THE TROUBLE.

A Female Organist Faints at the Sight of a Mouse in the Church.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A CONGREGATION in a Staffordshire church were taken by surprise the other Sunday when the organ ceased to play in the midst of a hymn. At the same time they heard a loud shriek. Upon investigation it was found that a mouse had darted across the platform, and so surprised the female organist that she went into a faint. The lady now declares that when she sits upon the organ stool in future she must be accompanied by a cat, and have several mouse-traps strewn about the place.

MAMMA: "Where does that child get its temper? Not from me, surely."

Papa: "No, none of yours is missing."

— That Tom Phillips, of Westminster, and Fred Ferry, of Lambeth, are to fight twenty rounds at catch weights in October for £10 a-side and a purse.

— That Sam Francis and Harry McDermott are to box twelve rounds, at 7st weight, in Newcastle for £20.

— That Tom Cannon, the wrestler, contemplates a visit to the States shortly in search of a match.

— That Elkan Simons, the sportsman, was recently presented by his Birmingham friends with a handsome trophy as an acknowledgment of his proficiency as a master of ceremonies at sparring exhibitions.

— That a terrible scene occurred at Zacatecs, in Mexico, at a bull fight. A bull, which had been goaded to madness, was quicker than the matador, and gored the man to death. The beast then leaped over the barrier among the excited audience. The picadors and attendants were powerless to help the panic-stricken people, and before the bull was fatally stabbed three persons had been gored to death.

— That Alf. Standbrook is managing Paul Belleng, the German champion wrestler and weight-lifter.

— That Mike Small is eager for a customer at 7st 2lb or 4lb for a suitable purse.

— That considerable interest is being evinced in the coming shaving contest for the championship.

— That the actors of America are endeavouring to prevent pugilists and freaks of nature from appearing on the stage.

— That for good common-sense sporting news THE MIRROR OF LIFE surpasses all other journals.

— That we predicted the success of Furze Bush in the Bradford Handicap on Thursday. Did our readers avail themselves of the 12 to 1 shot?

— That Alf Standbrook promotes a first-class boxing show at Waite's School of Arms, October 18.

— That Paul Belleng, the German Hercules, is hankering for a wrestling match.

— That Joe Darby, the world's champion jumper, is booked up till Christmas at some of our leading music-halls.

— That several people are looking for Frank McHugh, the Yankee pugilist. They include one who brought Frank here, only to be deserted.

— That Glasgow sports feel confident of John Boyle defeating Tom Williams.

— That Ernest Stanton has the call over Pedlar Palmer for their coming "mill."

— That James E. Dewhurst, hon. sec., of the Belsize Boxing Club, predicts a prosperous season for the organisation he is connected with.

— That the Manchester Gymnastic Club propose promoting some interesting contests this season.

— That Bob Fitzsimmons, the champion, may come here before next spring.

— That some first-class American pugilists would come here if suitable purses were offered by responsible clubs.

— That Bobby Habbijam contemplates promoting some good battles this season.

— That Pony Moore talks of organising a club to promote glove fights.

— That Harry Spurden, 9st champion, will conduct a first-class entertainment at the Corn Exchange, Cambridge, October 22, 23.

— That boxing contests have become popular with the sports at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

VOICE from the doorway: "Mary, what are you doing out there?"

Mary: "I am looking at the moon."

Voice from the doorway: "Well, tell the moon to go home, and you come into the house. It's half-past eleven."

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER AND ALEXANDRA PARK.

THE CESAREWITCH.

FINAL SELECTION.

THE DOUBLE EVENT.

MIDDLE PARK PLATE.

ANTICIPATIONS.

THE all-important topic is, which will win the Cesarewitch? Callistrate, in the absence of Ravensbury, will be top weight, but Newcourt is better fancied at a few pounds less, and has always held a conspicuous position as a public fancy. Last year this son of Highborn and Orange Blossom, at his first venture, placed the Lewes Handicap to his credit, beating a fairly representative field on that occasion, among whom were Molly Morgan, Insurance, and Euclid; the latter, who ran into fifth position, was presenting the winner with 8lb. In the present handicap 17lb divides the pair, so that Euclid is in receipt of 25lb from his former conqueror, and, although failing to obtain winning brackets last season, his three-year-old form was very smart; his preparation, however, has not been of the order to expect success over this distance, and his absence will not be unexpected. Comedy will be better suited over a shorter course, and Loadamia is another to which the same remark applies, because the Cambridgeshire will be more to her liking, and accounts to hand from Netheravon show her to be going on all right. Ragimunde, in company with La Flèche, has also been doing useful work, and, with F. Finlay in the saddle, is expected to repeat his victory of three years ago. He has since run in rather an unlucky manner, nor do I think he will repay those who pin their faith to his staying abilities this time. That good mare Cypria may find her burden very different to that which she carried when contesting with Red Eyes over this course, but she is greatly fancied by those connected with her, and their judgment should not be opposed; still, in looking for the winner, it is with reluctance that she has to be passed over for one on the same mark, namely, Amiable, who all through the piece has been considerably befriended, and on form looks the best one to support for a situation. Childwick will take the place of Pilot here; in his case the distance will probably be against him, and such a good stayer as Quilon will be the best to depend upon. Her recent success in the Great Ebor Handicap will bear investigation, because she had behind her Street Singer, a recent winner, with Cypria and Aborigine also unplaced; her second to Spindle Leg is also in her favour, so that she will get the journey is without doubt, and likely to prove remunerative as a place investment. Filepa, the unknown quantity, is the rod in pickle, and if reports are correct it is all over "bar shouting." She has been substantially supported by those connected with her, and it is quite on the cards she may repeat the coup of Don Juan and Primrose Day for this stable; but this class of article is scarcely to be recommended when opposed to good public performers, and many will prefer the chances held by Farndale, whose victory at Doncaster and third to Reminder must not be passed over lightly, when his light weight is taken into consideration, and it may be a close thing between him and one to whom since the entries first appeared we have been devoted adherents, and in making the final plunge the early-selected

OPERA GLASS

will, I hope, pull us through; and

OPERA GLASS AND XURY,

for their respective engagements, may prove to be the double event. On Thursday the Middle Park Plate will be the chief item, and although Sir Visto was more than a match for the highly-tried Speedwell, he may find Kirkconell his equal, but should he be successful in this event he will retire into winter quarters like his stable companion, Ladas, a favourite for the Blue Riband of '95. Lord Rosebery must be congratulated in being in possession of such a sterling youngster, as it was only after a desperate finish with Float that he gained the award, and with Kirkconell and Tarporley should form the leading trio for this event. The Ditch Mile Nursery may fall to Pet of the Chase, and Solaro, on Friday, is the pick of those who will do duty in the Prendergast Stakes. The Southfield Plate looks too good a thing for Ravensbury, who may not find much in the opposition to trouble him, and he should be returned an easy winner if sent to the post. In his absence, one of Hayhoe's trio—probably Medicis—will be the best to follow, and Jack Snipe, Pardalo, and Balweary between them may furnish the winner of the Nursery Handicap. The Match may result in favour of Seaside.

The week's racing will be brought to a conclusion at Alexandra Park, where holiday-makers will gather on the slopes of Muswell Hill to enjoy the afternoon's sport. There will be six events set for decision, and the autumn meeting for attendance will be fully up to the average. The selection for each event may, with a run, result as below:—

NEWMARKET.

TO-DAY.

A Maiden Plate,
Hamiltrade.

Selling Plate,
Ejector or Hebron.

The Cesarewitch,
Opera Glass ... 1
Farndale 2
Amiable 3

The Kennett Plate,
Gangway.

Second October Nursery,
Cayenne 1
Cardonald ... 2
Moti 3

The Autumn Handicap,
Halma or Galingale.

THURSDAY.

The Challenge Plate,
Woolsthorpe.

The Heath Stakes,
Reliance or Weltondale.

The Ditch Nursery,
Bragget or Villiers.

The Middle Park Plate,
Sir Visto 1
Kirkconell ... 2
Tarporley ..: 3

The Lowther Stakes,
Ravensbury or Medicis.

FRIDAY.

The Prendergast Stakes,
Solaro.

The Southfield Plate,
Ravensbury or Masque.

The Stand Nursery Plate,
Balweary or Jack Snipe.

ALEXANDRA PARK.

SATURDAY.

The City Handicap,
Pepper Pot or Dirk.

The Totteridge Nursery,
Mum.

The Middlesex High Weight,
Chater.

The Palace Plate,
Dromonby.

Among the various selections which were anticipated in these columns last week, Carrington, Furze Bush, Samola, Armand, Southolme, St. Germanus, Kale, The Rays, and Adderley succeeded in catching the judge's eye as predicted by CHALK.

THEY ARE HARMLESS.

WITHOUT the issue of any special writ "De Lunatico Inquirendo" a number of gentlemen suffering under a temporary aberration of judgment met together at a hotel in Kew, and after dinner solemnly proposed the health of "Princess Maria of Bavaria, who, under happier auspices, would now be Mary IV. of England." They were members of what is called the "Thames Valley Jacobite Club," and they demand by constitutional means the restoration of the Stuarts, whom an ungrateful people expelled from their divinely-appointed heritage. England has been going back ever since, and the "Thames Valley Jacobite Club" hopes to induce it to return to the glorious times of James II., when Judge Jefferies, by favour of his Majesty, made the people happy with the gallows and the lash. In the meantime they dined together well under the presidency of Mr. S. Rawson, and listened to speeches suitable to the occasion. As the prospects of the Jacobites in this country are gloomier than ever, the speakers dealt principally with foreign lands. Soon they hoped to restore a King to France and a legitimate Sovereign to Spain. The Republic and the "baby King" must go together and Don Carlos ascend the throne of his ancestors. This could all be brought about by strictly constitutional ways, for once the people grasped the blessings that flowed from a monarchy founded upon Divine right they would unanimously return to their true allegiance, and once more the King would be the father of his people. Most of the members then adjourned to the nearest asylum.

WE ARE INFORMED

— That Mr. Percy Courtenay some time ago instituted proceedings for divorce against Mrs. Matilda Alice Victoria Courtenay (otherwise and better known as Marie Lloyd). Petitioner alleged that respondent had committed adultery with two co-respondents at Datchet and Carleton Road, Tufnell Park, between May 13 and June 3, 1894. A summons was issued asking on behalf of the respondent and co-respondents for fuller particulars, and an order was made on June 19, 1894, for these to be delivered. Ample time has been offered to the petitioner, but he has not complied with the order of the registrar, who has therefore summarily dismissed the petition and ordered petitioner to pay the costs both of the respondent and co-respondents.

* * *

— That J. H. Nation, the well-known comedian, will in future be known as Harry Nation for professional purposes.

* * *

— That at the conclusion of his present provincial tour Mr. Wilson Barrett leaves for America on November 14, opening at New York on the 26th for a six weeks' season. Thence the company visit Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Washington, and other cities, returning to England in May. If arrangements can be made for a suitable theatre in London, he hopes to open with "The Manxman" here in September next. This piece is already booked for three separate tours in the English provinces, and Mr. Charles Cartwright, now playing at Drury Lane, will take it out to Australia.

* * *

— That Max Sachs, a German music-hall artist attired in woman's clothing, was charged at Marlborough Street Police Court with disorderly conduct. Police constable 128 C said that at two in the morning two gentlemen complained in Oxford Street of having been annoyed by prisoner, and witness saw him take hold of a third gentleman's arm. Prisoner replied, "I no understand English." On taking him to the station he discovered the prisoner's sex. Sachs, through Mr. Albert, the interpreter, said that he had been in a German club singing songs which required him to dress as a woman. He afterwards had too much to drink, and left the club in the clothes in which he had been singing.

* * *

— That Marie Loftus and her husband, Ben Brown, will shortly go to America to fill a series of engagements.

* * *

— That "A Trip to Chinatown" at Toole's Theatre has caught on, and is in for a long and successful run. The piece is full of humour, and enables R. G. Knowles as Welland Strong, "a dying man," to be seen at his best. H. Tripp Edgar is to be commended upon the manner in which he has placed the piece before the public and the artists he has engaged to portray the various parts. The play is sparkling, and from the time the curtain rises till the end of the last act the audience are kept in laughter.

* * *

— That the specialty "turns" in "A Trip to Chinatown" are well worth seeing.

* * *

— That Misses Canott and Faudell, who gave an extra turn at the Tivoli last week, were at once engaged for the Palace and also the Tivoli.

* * *

— That Charles H. Hoyt is one of the most successful playwrights in America. He considers his two-act musical comedy "A Trip to Chinatown" one of his best productions. It has been a great money-maker in the States, and in New York City he was accorded a long and prosperous run. Charley is in partnership with Dave Thomas, and both are old newspaper men. Hoyt, not many years ago, was on the editorial staff of the *Boston Post*, but after he took to writing comedies he abandoned journalism and formed a partnership with Thomas. "The Midnight Bell," "A Rag Baby," and "Temperance Town" were evolved from his fertile brain, and each has been a success. He owns a magnificent homestead in the State of New Hampshire, and when spending his summer months there he devotes his time to writing plays. He was married to Miss Flora Walsh, a clever and popular actress who died about two years ago.

* * *

— That H. Tripp Edgar, who is the present manager of Toole's Theatre, has only been in the theatrical profession for eight years. He was for some time in his father's office, and was to have studied for the ministry. He displayed a preference for the stage, and after playing in amateur performances he was engaged by Miss Isabel Bateman in "Jane Shore" on tour. He managed a Scotch tour, and subsequently appeared in "Niobe" and "The Private Secretary." It is the general impression that he will have a long and prosperous run with "A Trip to Chinatown" at Toole's.

* * *

— That the old Surrey Music Hall at Barnsley has been transformed into the New Empire, and is likely to do good business.

* * *

— That Dan Lowery, of the Star, Dublin, contemplates opening fresh music halls in Derry and Cork.

* * *

— That Vesta Tilley has been an enormous success at the Empire, Newcastle, last week.

* * *

— That Arthur Lloyd returns to tow again at Christmas, opening at the Standard, Pimlico.

* * *

— That H. M. Edgar, late of the Theatre Royal, Woolwich, has leased the Globe Theatre, Johannesburg, which will open in December.

* * *

— That Miss Florrie Leybourne has secured a divorce against her husband.

* * *

— That Mr. Joe Tabrar, the well-known song writer, has had a slight difference with Mr. Arthur Roberts, for settlement of which the assistance of Mr. Plowden, the magistrate, was invoked. After due deliberation the said magistrate dismissed the summons.

* * *

— That Dan Lowery's benefit at the Star, Dublin, was a prosperous affair.

* * *

— That the Musical Palmers, after nearly six months tour, open in town on Monday.

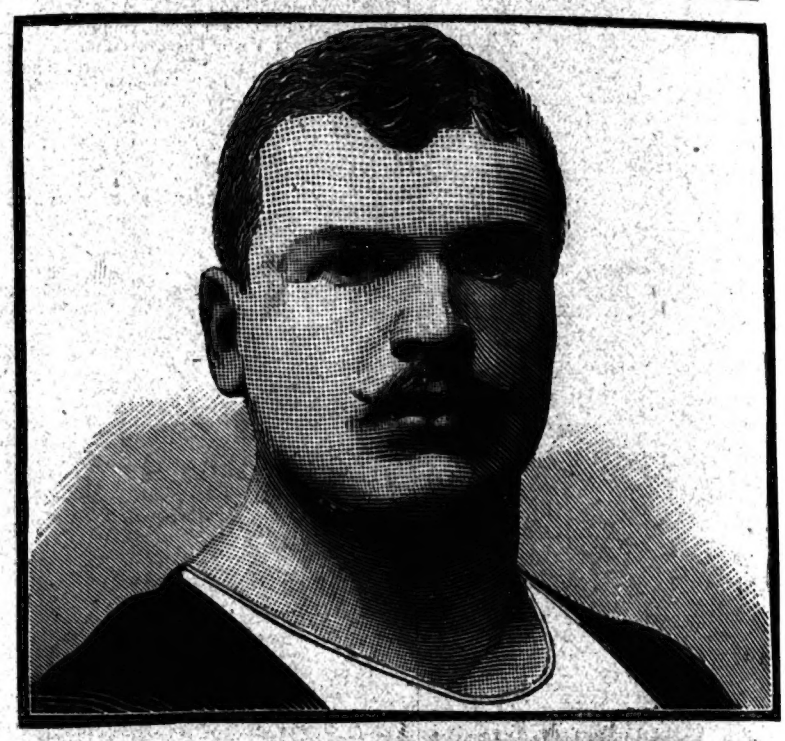
* * *

— That an interesting wager was made the other night at the Empire, Hanley, the amount being £10 to £1 that a local butcher could not lift above his head a heavy bar weighing 250lb belonging to Milo, the strong man. The applause was great on the feat being accomplished.

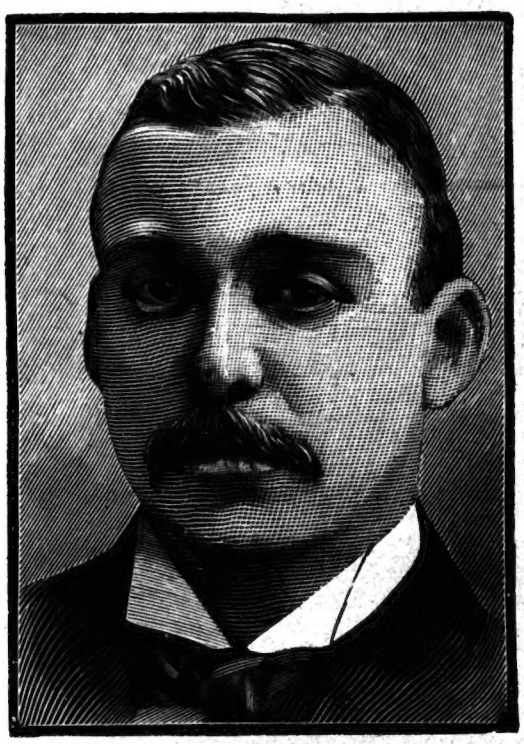
"SLEEPING BEAUTY" SENTENCED.

THE "Sleeping Beauty" of Poplar Workhouse once more attracted the attention of the public in the Thames Police Court. His name is William Frederick Edwards, his age is twenty-eight, and his weight is unknown, no scales being sufficiently strong to sustain him. He is sometimes known as the "Terror of the Automatic Weighing Machines," for when his friends put him on one he always drives it out of order, the hands on the dial being unable to move round fast enough and often enough to record his enormous ponderosity. His cheeks are so fat that they keep his eyes looking straight ahead like a pair of blinkers—that is to say, when the eyes are open, which is very seldom, his strong point being sleep. The officer of the court managed to keep him awake from the door to the dock, into which he squeezed him with difficulty. "Are you guilty or not guilty of neglecting to do the work allotted to you in Poplar Workhouse?" said the Clerk. The response was two snores. Edwards was already asleep. The turnkey shook him up a bit and repeated the question. Prisoner yawned, gasped, "I s'pose they want to gi'e me another holiday," and again dozed. It appeared from the explanations given to the Court that the man was nearly always asleep, and refused to keep himself awake sufficiently to pick three pounds of oakum per day. At mealtimes his wakefulness and energy were extreme, but as soon as these were past drowsiness came upon him. Some time ago the magistrate gave him a week for laziness, and when Edwards came out of prison he was really somewhat lively, but after two days his old habits returned worse than ever, so much so that he did not trouble to keep himself awake at dinner, and ate automatically in his sleep. Mr. Dickinson this time gave him twenty-one days in gaol, and promised if necessary to increase the dose on a future occasion.

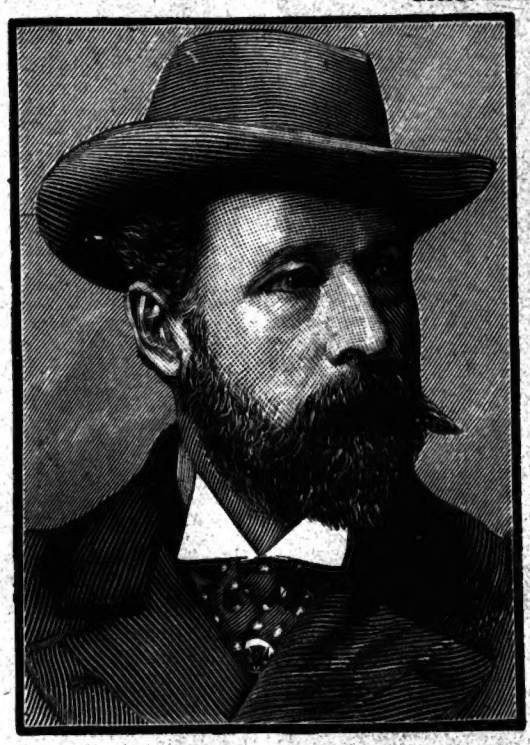
GEORGE WASHINGTON (PONY) MOORE.
A Famous Minstrel who is a Thorough Sportsman.



PAUL BELLENG.
A Berlin Athlete who Aspires for Championship Honours as a Græco-Roman Wrestler and Weight-Lifter.

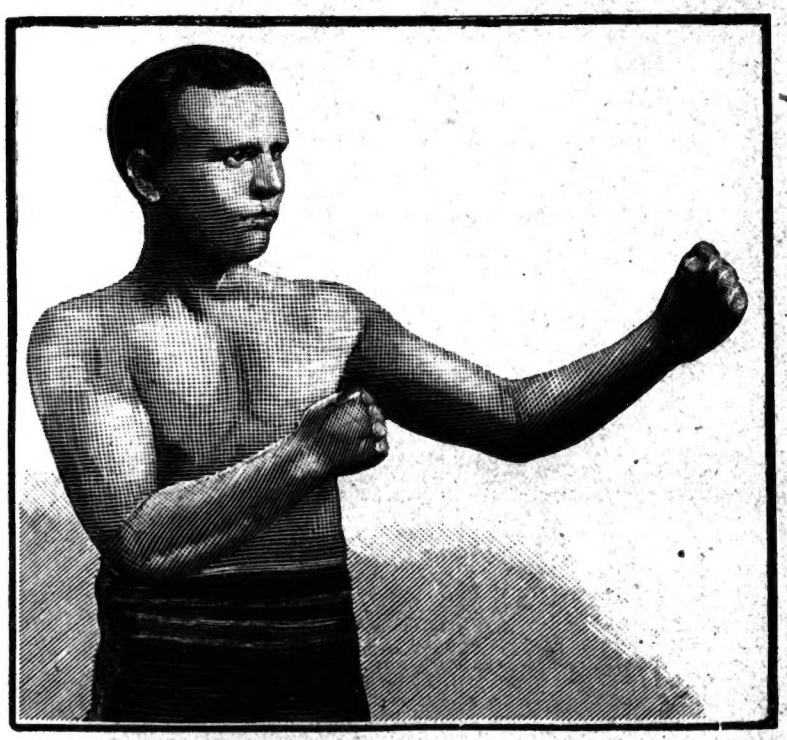


THOMAS MILLARD.
A Crouch End Sprinter.

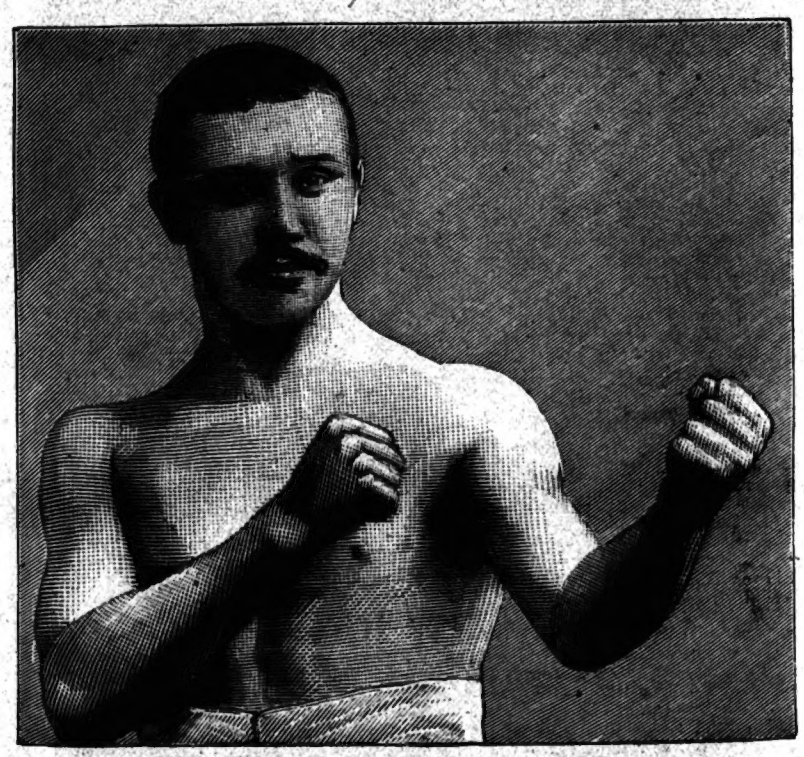


JAMES GREGORY.
A Well-Known Angler and Music-Hall Manager of Birmingham.

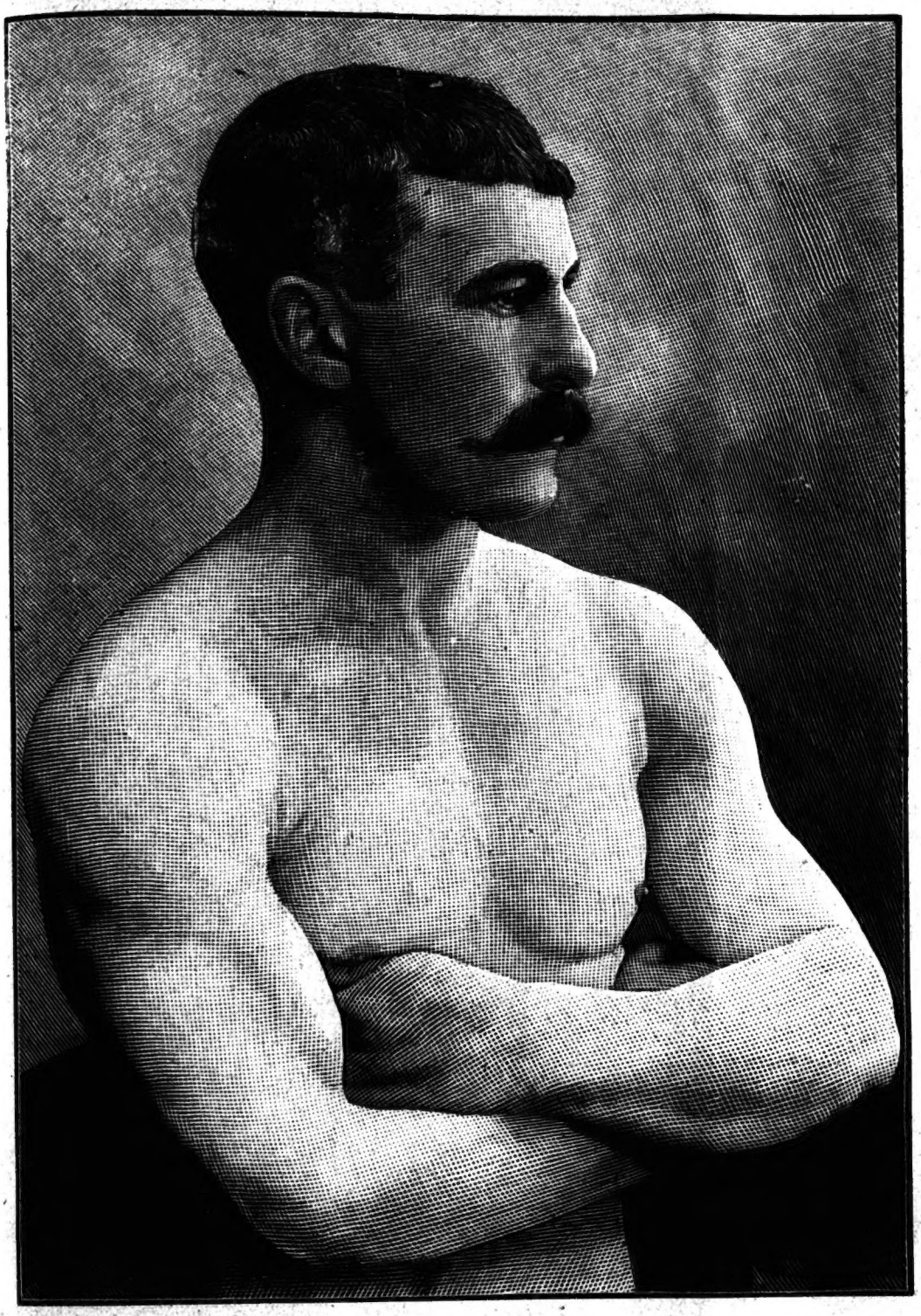
MIKE SMALL.
A Clever Boxer who has Held the 7st 4lb Championship of England.



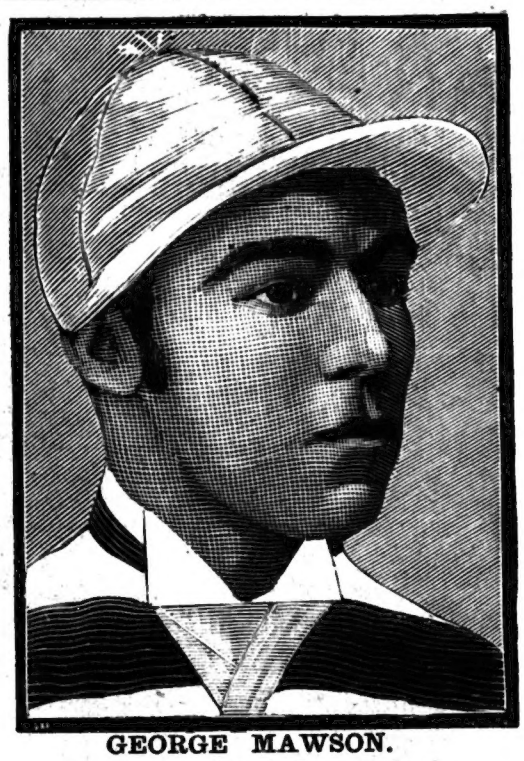
SILAS (OILEY) JOHN.
A Cardiff Pugilist who is a Good Man at 8st 6lb.



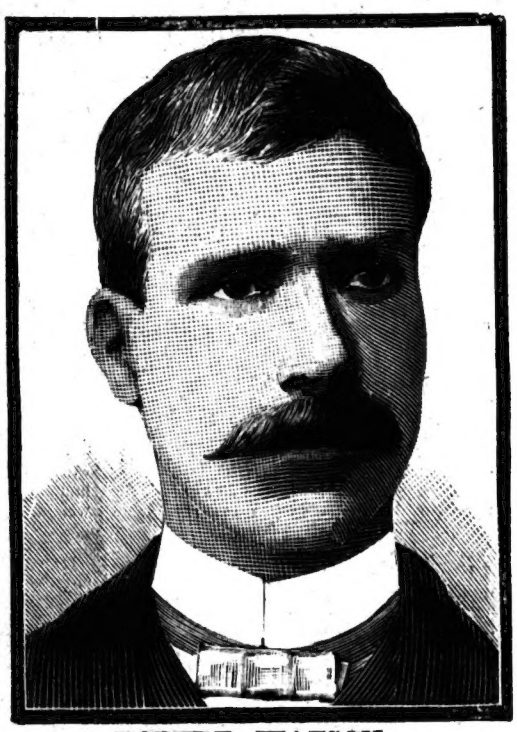
JAMES (JUMPER) HOWE.
Matched to Fight Charles Beadling at Newcastle, October 29, for £100.



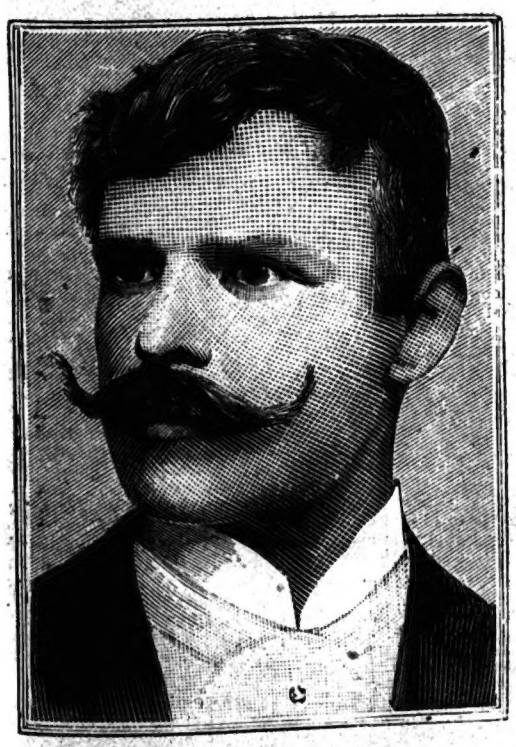
HARRY SPURDEN.
Champion Pugilist of Great Britain at 9st.



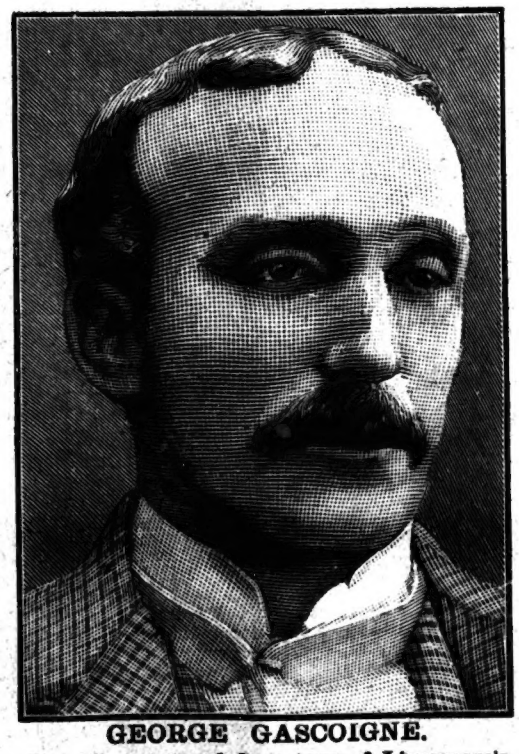
GEORGE MAWSON.
The Famous Steeplechase Jockey.



ROBERT WATSON.
A Cambridge Publican who is a Patron of Sparring Sport.



ALF STANDBROOK.
A Promoter of Boxing Sport in London.



GEORGE GASCOIGNE.
The Manager and Secretary of Livermore's Court Minstrels.

BEN HARRIS.
An East London All-Round Sporting Man who Makes an Efficient M.C.

Frank McHugh Disappears.

Fitzsimmons is Champion.

Corbett Forfeits the Title.

Pugilistic Club Illustrated.

An Old-Time Organisation.

"Kid" Lavigne to H. Spurden.

Arthur Callan Talks.

HAS anyone seen a young man, about 5ft 4in in height, dressed in the latest style, sporting two diamond rings, a diamond pin, and a gold watch and chain? If so, ask him if his name is Frank McHugh. He is amongst the missing, and now the gentleman who brought him to this country walks about the possessor of little or no jewellery and a pocket-book as flat as a pancake. Pony Moore volunteered to find McHugh the needful for a match with George Corfield, the Sheffield Wonder, and when it had, every appearance of a match being arranged Master Frank took a hasty departure for parts unknown. We know that McHugh is really a first-class pugilist at his weight, 8st, and had he taken on a customer in this country he would have demonstrated to the British public that he possessed sufficient ability to hold his own with the best of our lads. He evidently arrived at the conclusion that milling in England would not be profitable to him, and returned to the States minus his friend who accompanied him to this country.

* * *

How is this for high! Robert Fitzsimmons, a native of Cornwall, England, the acknowledged heavy-weight champion of the world. It may appear big, but it's true just the same. Read what Corbett says. Don't he declare he won't fight, and relinquishes his title to Bob because he is afraid of the Cornwall man? It's been a long time coming, but it has struck the earth at last. Before Corbett ever took on Sullivan, in New Orleans, Bob declared there was one braggart he could whip, and that individual was none other than Corbett. The mere fact that Corbett beat John L. when he was a total physical wreck and fouled Mitchell out of a fight has not in the least altered his opinion; it has only strengthened his early convictions, and, to convince the public that he knew what he was talking about, he actually drove Corbett and his cackling manager into a hole so small that neither will ever be able to emerge into daylight again.

* * *

CORBETT always claimed he made his theatrical contracts so he could cancel them at short notice, and declared that January would suit him for a battle with Peter Jackson. Now he allows that he is actually tied up with contracts prohibiting him from participating in a glove fight until next July, and then he would be prepared to devote an entire week to milling by taking on all comers—one each night. Such a ridiculous proposition may sound plausible to the Corbett crowd, but in the eyes of the public it only makes his craven nature more prominent. He poses as a fighter, and still he is afraid to take on a man who offers to wager 10,000dols or more for an honest contest. Would the British public stand such an impostor? It is hardly likely, and if the Yankees display good judgment they will make his public appearances decidedly disagreeable in the future.

* * *

WE should not be surprised if Corbett will yet seek Peter Jackson and endeavour to bring about a match in order to avoid Fitzsimmons, and at the same time silence the tongues of the Yankee sports. If he does he and Brady will be compelled to gulp down all their unfair remarks about this country, and beseech the National Sporting Club to renew its offer of a £2,000 purse, because the black will not do battle in the

South or under the auspices of any questionable club of which Corbett and Brady are the mainstay.

* * *

OUR illustration humorously represents the "finale" of an evening's entertainment at an old pugilistic club, which was originally held at the Yorkshire Grey, Bond's Stables, December 1, 1789. The artist vividly depicts one of those strong-minded women who are evidently fond of creating a sensation whenever the hen-pecked one trenches, as the clock of the sketch would denote, upon the small hours of the morning. It shows an instance where a combat, of a one-sided nature, is not conducted strictly in accordance with the Prize Ring rules.

* * *

IN olden times a pugilist laying claim to championship honours was compelled to accept all bonâ fide challenges, and the Pugilistic Club made it a point to see that suitable arrangements were made in order to bring a battle to a decision. Any man who posed as a champion and refused to recognise a legitimate offer for a mill was ostracised by the club, and such a boycott meant ruin to the reputation of the self-styled chempion. Would John C. Heenan, the Benicia Boy, have ever dared to hint that a man challenging him should first mow down a flock of second-rate pugilists? Such an exclamation would have called forth the execrations of sports in all parts of the world. He was a magnificent specimen of humanity, standing 6ft in height, and would weigh, upon entering the ring, at 13st 8lb.

* * *

HEENAN could hardly be termed a fortunate pugilist. He was born at Troy, New York,

May 2, 1835, and when seventeen years of age he went to California, working in the shops at Benicia as an engineer. He was brought to New York City by Jim Cusick and matched to fight John Morrissey. They met at Long Point, Canada, Oct. 20, 1858, for 5,000 dols. and the championship of America. Though Heenan inflicted some terrible punishment on Morrissey he was forced to succumb after milling eleven rounds in twenty-one minutes. Morrissey retired from the ring, and Heenan being acknowledged as the champion the Benicia Boy came to this country to fight Tom Sayers. They met at Farnborough, April 17, 1860, when thirty-seven rounds were contested in two hours and six minutes. Both men were completely used up, and partly by the pressure of the crowd and assisted by police interference the ring was broken in. The stakes were subsequently drawn down by each party.

Returning to England three years later he fought Tom King at Wadhurst, December 10, 1863, for £2,000. In the eighteenth round King was completely knocked out, but for some unexplainable reason his handlers failed to claim the fight. When King had recovered Heenan was taken suddenly queer, and after renewing the contest King had matters all his own way, knocking Heenan down and out in the twenty-fourth round, after milling thirty-five minutes. That was Heenan's last encounter, because after returning home he opened up a gambling house which proved quite profitable. He died October 28, 1873, at Green River Station, Wyoming Territory, respected by all who knew him.

* * *

ARTHUR CALLAN, the clever Wood Green light-weight, paid a visit to THE MIRROR OF LIFE office October 3. Aside from a swollen hand and a discoloured eye, he appeared none the worse for his battle with Jack Gover, of Edmonton. "It was a hard fight," said Callan, "and I fully believe I should have won had we gone on for a few more rounds. Gover was frightfully punished, and it will take many a day before he recovers. He is the gamest I ever came in contact with, and can take enough beating to satisfy half a dozen men.

Arthur Callan.

After the fight his head was like a balloon in appearance, and the spectators were with him to a man for the remarkable display he made. I don't believe I shall ever fight him again, because it appears to be an impossibility to give him sufficient punishment to force him to give in. With gloves according to the Queensberry Rules, I would probably defeat him inside of twenty rounds. I expect he and I will give a series of boxing displays on the music-hall stage. Several engagements have been offered us, and when I see Gover we shall determine whether it will be a go or not."

* * *

KID LAVIGNE, the best man in America at 8st 10lb, talks of coming here in search of a match with any man in this country at even weight, or he may possibly be induced to have a cut at Harry Spurden, the 9st champion, providing a liberal purse is offered by one of the leading clubs. If Fitzsimmons and Jackson are worth £3,200 to the Bolingbroke Club, a match between Lavigne and Spurden should command at least one fourth of that sum, and if such an amount were offered it is any odds that "Kid" would take the first boat for England and attach his name to fair articles of agreement. We hope the clubs will extend liberal purses for international battles, because such a move would infuse new life into glove fights, and make them more attractive to gentlemen who patronise the game.

* * *

PETER MAHER, the Dublin heavy-weight, now in America, has been scanning the pugilistic horizon and has come to the conclusion that some of the heavy-weights in the business owe him a battle. Maher thinks that he is now on the high road to the pinnacle of his class, and wants a chance of demonstrating his eligibility to championship honours. Maher has had his share of acting, and now desires to do some fighting. 'My ambition is to get on another mill with Bob Fitzsimmons," says Peter. "I feel confident that in my present form I can wipe out my defeat at his hands a few years ago. I was very inexperienced then. I'm not making any excuses when I say that I was a sick man when I fought Fitz. As for Corbett, I think I can whip him. He's comparatively easy toward Fitzsimmons. Choynski does not show any inclination to fight me. Why is it? Is he afraid? My backers have always been ready with their money. Where's all the heavy-weights, I'd like to know? Let them come forward and see if I mean business. They can't ignore me. I have retrieved part of my reputation, and want to fight."

* * *

BERT SMITH, of Edmonton, made a move towards redeeming his lost prestige when he defeated Arthur Beattie in a ten-round contest at Newcastle-on-Tyne the other night for a purse of £20. He performed in excellent style, punishing his opponent severely throughout the ten rounds.

* * *

THE Bolingbroke Club certainly wish to bring about an important match between the leading heavy-weights. The management guaranteed a £3,000 purse for Corbett and Jackson, which was ignored. Now a similar amount is offered for a fight between Fitzsimmons and Jackson, with an allowance of £200 for expenses. It is hardly probable the liberal offer will be accepted, but it goes to show that the club is prepared to pay liberally for a good thing.

* * *

TED PRITCHARD announces that he has gone into training at Margate for his ten-round contest with Dick Burge. Providing he gets in good condition he should certainly make it extremely interesting for the Newcastle man.

* * *

ALF STANDBROOK will promote a boxing show at Waite's School of Arms on or about October 18, when Dummy Winters will meet Jack Stone, and Ted Gamble will face Jack Sweeney in six-round battles. There will be an eight-round bout between Jack Usher and Bill Nolan.

* * *

J. DOUGLAS, of Newcastle, and J. Gibson of Gateshead, met at Percy's Cottage, Newcastle-on-Tyne, October 1, to box the best of twelve rounds for £30. After eight rounds of severe boxing, Nicol Brady, who acted as referee, gave his decision in favour of Gibson, who had had a good deal the best of matters, having inflicted some heavy punishment on Douglas, who, however, fought with commendable pluck under his disadvantage, and stuck to his guns with the utmost bravery.

* * *

A TWELVE-ROUND battle between Tom Euston, of Walworth, and Patsy Sullivan, of Rotherhithe, was fought to a decision at the Bermondsey School of Arms, October 1. The first six rounds were well contested, Euston planting in some good blows at long range, but Sullivan broke through his guard and soon brought the milling in his favour. In the eighth round he reached the mark with a right-hander which sent his adversary down. Euston was unable to rise, and the award went in favour of Sullivan.

* * *

THE Camden Gymnasium at Walthamstow was the scene of two six and one twelve rounds contest on October 1. Charles Newman, of Walthamstow, and James Bans, of Bethnal Green, were the first pair to contend for six rounds. The bout was by no means an interesting one, and at the end of the sixth round Bans was given the award. Tom Harris, of Spitalfields, and Steve Smith, of West Green, fought in a determined fashion, and though Smith proved he was a good stayer Harris scored more frequently, and got the verdict on points. The twelve-round contest was between S. Tarling and Tim O'Grady, both of Walthamstow. Both did some good hitting. Tarling, being the cleverest of the pair, managed to gain a lead which entitled him to the decision.

* * *

PATRONS of boxing sport have long felt the want of a resort where they could congregate and discuss the probable outcome of battles arranged or the merits of the men who seek to obtain fame and fortune within the squared circle. Albert Fleming has realised this, and, in order to provide a suitable rendezvous, he has purchased the lease of a café, No. 395, Strand, which he proposes to renovate and remodel in a most approved modern fashion. His father, Mr. John Fleming, manager of the National Sporting Club, will no doubt place his son on the right track and give him advice which will prove of great value. Both father and son are popular with the better classes who patronise sparring sport; consequently the success of 395, Strand is assured.

* * *

JAMES E. DEWHURST, as hon. sec. and treasurer, presented a flattering report before the members of the Belsize Boxing Club at the annual meeting, held at Eyre Arms Assembly Rooms, St. John's Wood, October 4. Mr. B. J. Angle (the president) occupied the chair, and was supported by Messrs. C. W. Blacklock, A. F. Bettinson,

W. J. King, J. E. Dewhurst, M. Schneider, W. Foxton, A. Tyler, Val Barker, R. R. Chapple, G. C. Tower, T. Jones, T. Greig, A. Eiloart, E. H. Perrens, W. Lane Lee, R. Cummings, T. L. B. Hollis, A. Maurice T. Bishop, L. Barnard, H. Barnard, H. King, F. Barker, H. Barker, J. King, &c. The business of the evening opened with the reading of the minutes of the last meeting, after which the balance sheet was read and duly passed. The affairs of the club were shown to be very satisfactory, for, notwithstanding increased expenditure, the returns proved the financial condition of the club to be thoroughly sound, a result mainly due to the indefatigable work of the popular hon. sec., Mr. Dewhurst. The officers for the ensuing season are the same as for last year, with the exception of a slight change in the committee. Messrs. A. F. Bettinson, V. Barker, and W. J. King were again chosen as delegates to the Amateur Boxing Association, whilst the professional instructors, Alec Roberts, Alf Bowman, and Jem Brock, will again fill their old posts.

* * *

LAWRENCE WALL, of Salford, and W. Brierly, of Liverpool, are matched to box the best of twenty rounds shortly for a purse.

* * *

JACK MORAN, of Liverpool, and T. Wallace, of Warrington, meet in a glove fight at Manchester, October 11.

* * *

WILLIE SMITH and Bill Baxter are appearing in "Heroes of the Fleet" at Hull. Thence they go to Glasgow, then Newcastle, Shields, and Hartlepool to fulfil engagements.

* * *

DICK MOORE, a clever middle-weight, has left the States for this country in hopes of getting on a match with Ted Pritchard, John O'Brien, or some of the big 'uns here. Moore was a short time since beaten by Dan Creedon; consequently he is not as good a man as the Coffee Cooler.

* * *

TOM BURROWS promoted an athletic show at Alexandra Hall, Aldershot, on October 3, when a 10st 4lb competition was boxed to a decision. There were but three entries, the final bout being between Pearson and McKey. The latter found a tough customer in Pearson, who clearly bested McKey, and was awarded the prize. There were exhibitions of wrestling and club swinging. Tom Williams and Private Ham boxed the wind-up. Tom Burrows was referee, Mr. White master of ceremonies, and Elkan Simons timekeeper.

* * *

TOM WOOLLEY, of Walsall, and Harry Overton, of Birmingham, met in a glove contest at Curzon Hall, Birmingham, October 1. The articles called for the men to box twelve rounds for £25 a-side and a purse of £70. Overton demonstrated his superiority in the opening rounds, and found little trouble in maintaining a commanding lead throughout. At the end of the twelfth round the referee decided in favour of Overton.

* * *

JACK GORMAN, of St. Luke's, writes that he was surprised to see the contestants in the 6st 10lb competition, at the Eden Palace, so much above the stipulated weight the other night, and stands prepared to back his brother, James Gorman, to fight Jack Peterkin ten or twenty rounds, with small gloves, for £5 or £10 a-side, four weeks from signing articles.

* * *

THE New York Athletic Club contemplates sending a team of athletes to this country next year to contend for the championships. Such a team would be well received, and especially if such a popular and clever handler as Prof. Mike Donovan was selected to accompany the men on their tour.

* * *

ED. SMITH fell into another streak of good luck when he met Farrell at Denver, Colorado, October 2. According to reports it was a lively battle, Smith receiving the verdict on a foul in the sixth round.

* * *

THE twenty-round contest between W. Morn and Fred White at Leeds, October 1, ended in rather a disgraceful manner. They were to box for a £30 purse, and each man restricted to 8st 8lb in weight. After a little cautious sparring in the first round, both went in for rough-and-tumble business, which caused the referee to enter the ring and part the men before they had been boxing two minutes. The crowd was very unruly, and the round was finished amid much disorder. The second round was of a similar character, but Morn had undoubtedly the best of the exchanges. In the third round both were cautious for the first minute; then the old roughing game commenced, and both were thrown, each being equally to blame. When nearly two minutes had expired, White deliberately threw Morn, and the referee at once stepped into the ring and very properly declared Morn the winner on a foul. White at once made a most cowardly attempt to assault the referee, but was prevented by his seconds. Numbers of White's friends, however, jumped into the ring, and the referee was assaulted in the most cowardly manner. Molloy and a number of local boxers at once came to the rescue, and a small riot took place, the malcontents getting by far the worst of the business. Every credit is due to Molloy and his friends for their brilliant efforts on behalf of the referee and fair play, but the arrangements were sadly inadequate for dealing with the mob behind White, who were evidently determined that their man should win by hook or by crook.

* * *

DAVE PHILLIPS and Tim Racey, Battersea lads, were contestants in a twelve-round battle at the South Western School of Arms, October 4, for a purse. In the first three rounds Racey took a decided lead, but when the fourth commenced Phillips was much the stronger, and, continually landing the left on his opponent's head, had all the best of matters at the end of the sixth bout. Though Racey gallantly fought out the battle to the end, Phillips never lost his advantage, and was adjudged a somewhat easy winner.

* * *

HARRY ASHLEY found little trouble in disposing of Nimble White in their final bout of a 6st 6lb competition at Bermondsey School of Arms the other night. In a four-round bout Mike Wall showed himself to be superior to Ginger Noble.

* * *

FOUR contests were brought to a successful conclusion at the Victory, Stepney, October 4, under the management of Bill Higgins. F. Stout and W. Quain boxed through the stipulated rounds. The last-named, displaying the greater amount of cleverness, was given the award. Bill Telfer essayed to fight Alf Mortimer eight rounds, but in a right-hander on the vital spot in the first round knocked him out of time. Tom Lewsy was having all the best of Jack Edwards for four rounds, when his courage gave way and he turned up the job. H. Paul and H. Ware did some rattling work for the six rounds. The former, being the more scientific, secured sufficient advantage to entitle him to the verdict.

* * *

JAMES SMITH was tendered a complimentary benefit at the Washington Music Hall, Battersea, October 4. Sparring bouts were between Harry Spurden and Darkey Barton; Jack Maloney and Tom Phillips; Dummy Winters and H. Callam.

* * *

ELKAN SIMONS, the noted sportsman of Birmingham, called at THE MIRROR OF LIFE office, October 5. He exhibited a handsome trophy which was presented to him by Birmingham friends, October 1. It is a miniature barrel of polished oak, bound with silver hoops, lined with enamel, and upon the side there is a silver plate in the shape of a heart, upon which there is an inscription.

* * *

MIKE SMALL, of Holloway, the clever 7st 4lb pugilist, desires us to state that he stands prepared to fight Pearson, of Manchester, or any lad in England, at 7st 2lb or 7st 4lb, twenty rounds, or to a finish, for £25 or £50 a-side and a suitable purse. Small does not object to going to Manchester or any part of the kingdom to do battle providing he is allowed expenses. If fair articles are sent to THE MIRROR OF LIFE office Small agrees to sign and return same.

* * *

BIRMINGHAM people are of the opinion that Tom Woolley, of Walsall, should have disposed of Harry Overton the other night. "Why," writes one, "he had Overton beaten to a standstill in the seventh round, and if he was only half trying he should have brought the match to a settlement before the tenth round."

* * *

THE Actors' Protective Association of America held a meeting recently and framed resolutions to drive from the stage prize-fighters, freaks, and monstrosities. The talent claim that element are only degrading and prostituting the legitimate business. When John L. Sullivan was interviewed on the subject he said:—"I am no longer a prize-fighter. I have not been in the prize-fighting business for over two years. I think the resolutions were framed by a lot of fanatics looking for notoriety. I have all the notoriety I want. The Actors' Association can pass resolutions until the cows come home, but I will keep on acting just the same if I want to. The Actors' Association has no right to keep anyone off the stage. The Actors' Association has no right to keep any man down. There is an old saying that the pen is mightier than the sword. If these fanatics insist on writing resolutions there is no reason why they should try to stab a man with the pen.

"I am a better actor than that 'fellow' who says he is a prize-fighter. I have got a better play than he has.

"I am attending strictly to business now. The Actors' Association is trying to regulate the morals and habits of everybody in the business. I propose to regulate my own habits and morals. My morals will compare with those of a great many people in the business who are not as well known as I am. They want to tell a fellow when he shall take a drink, or that he shall not take a drink at all. I just say to them that I take a drink whenever I want to. I do not drink much, but I will take a drink when I feel like it."

* * *

PROF. WRIGHT conducted a boxing exhibition at his club rooms at Miles Platting, Manchester, October 4, when a 6st 6lb competition was boxed to a decision. In the third bouts G. Wolstenholme, of Bury, fought H. Creswell, of Manchester, to a standstill in the second round. M. Toole and Toley contested the second bout, with advantages in favour of Toole. In the final bout Wolstenholme set about Toole in such a determined manner that he compelled him to quit in the first round.

Jim Mosedale, of Bury, and Sam Creedon, of Manchester, faced each other for a six-round contest. The Bury man assumed the aggressive, and punished his adversary so severely that Creedon was forced to hold out his hand in the fifth round. George Matthews, of Manchester, was referee. Both winners are pupils of Prof. Roberts, the fighting tailor of Bury. Roberts has matched Mosedale to fight T. Povey, of Manchester, at 8st 12lb for the amateur championship of Lancashire. The battle will occur at the Manchester Gymnastic Club in November.

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MARTIN DENNY, the Australian, has arranged a match with Pat Scully, of Dublin. They are to box the test of twenty rounds at the ancient Concert Rooms, Dublin, November 2.

* * *

JACK E. DEMPSEY, ex-champion middle-weight pugilist, believes he has fully recovered his old-time form, and offers to meet any middle-weight in the world in a glove fight to a finish for a suitable stake or purse. Of course, he bars a fight with Bob Fitzsimmons.

* * *

TOM CAUSER, of Bermondsey, and Harry Greenfield, of Somers Town, decided their twenty-round battle at Waite's School of Arms, London, October 5. They fought for £10 a-side and an added purse of £50. The first three rounds were pretty evenly contested, each doing some effective work. In the fourth, however, Causer secured a slight advantage. Greenfield fought with good judgment, and though he evaded many well-directed blows he was unable to stand off the superior work of Causer. Up to the tenth round Causer was content to plant in his left on the face, evading many returns. The tenth round was well contested, Greenfield finally growing a trifle weak under the severe work. At the call of time for the eleventh round Causer rushed his man in hopes of bringing the mill to a conclusion. He landed several heavy blows with hands, finally bringing Greenfield down with a crushing hit in the region of the heart. Being unable to rise within the stipulated time, the referee awarded the fight to Causer. The winner began his career by beating Ted Gamble for £50 and a £25 purse at the Raglan Music Hall, November 27, 1893, the contest lasting sixteen rounds. Apart from this victory Causer's chief exploit was in connection with Frank Hinde's tournament, held in April at the Central Hall, Holborn. It was in the 9st 2lb competition, and Charley Tilley, who, it will be remembered, beat Harry Greenfield, succumbed to Causer in the most clever and decisive manner. This put the hall mark upon the Southwark boxer, who, in the final, effectually disposed of J. Loader.

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PADDY GILL has opened up the Granville Gymnasium, 14, Titheborn Street, Liverpool, where he proposes conducting sparring contests for suitable purses. Only members will be permitted to attend the meetings.

* * *

IN a six-round contest at the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, on October 6, Harry Ware, of Mile End, made it so warm for Amos Phippen, of Shoreditch, that the last-named was glad to turn up the job before the close of the sixth round.

* * *

JEMMY DIME, the best 9st man in the States, desires to come here to meet George Johnson or Harry Spurden. He writes THE MIRROR OF LIFE that he will cover any forfeit posted with us for a battle of twenty rounds to a finish for a suitable stake and added purse, provided he is allowed expenses to fight in England, or he will allow expenses for a fight in the States.

* * *

BILLY SMITH, of Boston, writes to THE MIRROR OF LIFE that should he succeed in whipping Dick O'Brien in his coming match in the States, he will visit this country and seek a battle with Dick Burge, providing a responsible club will guarantee a purse.

* * *

DICK MOORE, the American middle-weight, who recently reached London, is stopping with friends at Deptford. He states that he will meet any man in England at 11st 4lb for a purse and a side bet. He agrees to cover any deposit posted with us, and will meet any middle-weight prepared to arrange a match at THE MIRROR OF LIFE office by appointment.

* * *

AT the Hornsey Road Baths, October 6, the 100yds championship was won by J. H. Tyers, the champion of England at all distances, in 1min 5sec, thus beating the English amateur record made by himself of 1min 5⅕sec at Leicester in 1892. Green, of the Otter S.C., was second; and Harrison, Newton Heath S.C., Manchester, third. Tyers won by five yards. In the final competition of the fourth annual championship of the London Public Elementary Schools, Burghley Road Board School beat Wilton Road Board School by twelve points to nine. An 88 Yards Amateur Open handicap was won by S. J. Monks, 10sec start; A. J. Gough, 6sec, being second; and W. H. Bird, 26sec, third.

* * *

JIM BURGE, the Cast Iron Man, and Jim Murphy fought with gloves at Johannesburg, South Africa, September 17, for £400. Both men entered the ring at 9st 6lb. The limit was a twenty-five round contest, and in the twenty-fourth round the decision was given in favour of Murphy. The following is a description of the last round—this was the round of the fight, and ended it. After a little by-play the men went at it hammer and tongs, and Murphy again and again got heavy blows in the face of Burge. Down the latter went, but rose quickly and faced the music again, only to be downed again. After some terrific fighting on both sides Murphy lost his head and repeatedly hit Burge while he was down. Barnett's cries of "Foul!" failed to catch Mr. Webb's ear, and Barnett rushed into the ring. Sullivan at once claimed a "foul" for this, and the fight was awarded to Murphy. Much disapproval was expressed by a certain section at the decision, but impartial observers held that it was perfectly fair, and will eventually be admitted to be the correct verdict. A rush was made for the stage, which broke down, but all escaped with only a severe shaking.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

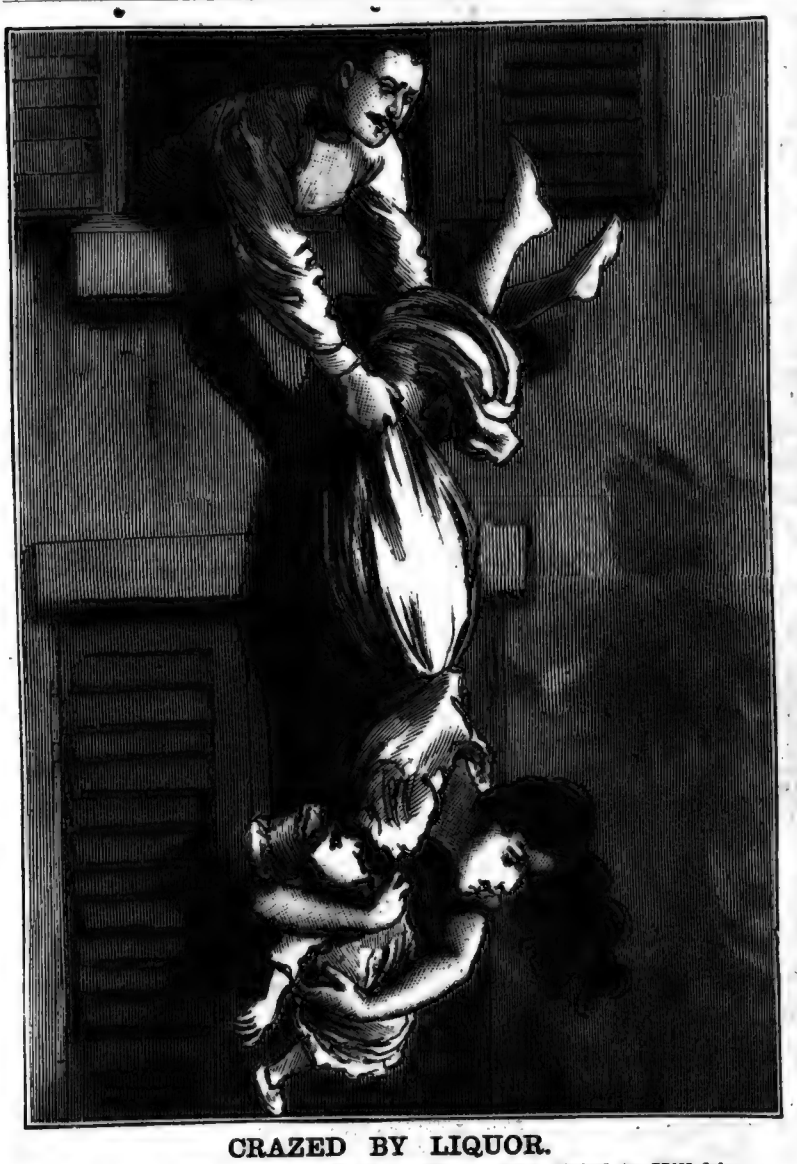
The Manager and Secretary of Livermore's Court Minstrels.

(With Portrait.)

THE success of Messrs. Livermore Brothers' Court Minstrels is due in no small measure to the energy and popularity of George Gascoigne, their manager. He was born in Hull, and started in the profession as "Little Joe Brown" at the early age of five years. He has been connected with the combination for twenty-two years, and prior to taking over his present responsible position was a prominent member of the troupe.

WELL-DESERVED SENTENCE.

JOSEPH SCALES, bookmaker, surrendered on a charge of having stolen the sum of £50, the money of George Lymington Walker.—The prosecutor stated that he resided at Clapham, and was a draper's buyer, but was at present out of employment. On August 20 this year he answered an advertisement in one of the daily papers, and in consequence he got into connection with the defendant. After several interviews an arrangement was made between them that they should enter partnership. Prisoner was a bookmaker, and they were to carry on that business. Witness was to put into the concern £150, while defendant was to find £300. The former was to receive one-third of the profits, and to pay one-third of the losses, while the latter was to receive two-thirds and to pay the same amount on the losses. The prosecutor was also to receive £6 a week for acting as clerk. On August 28 they both went to York Races. The prosecutor there handed the accused £150, his interest in the business. On returning from York, prosecutor, in consequence of what he had seen, told the prisoner that he was not satisfied with the way he conducted the business, and therefore did not want anything more to do with his bookmaking. Defendant asked him to go down with him to Lingfield and he would settle up that night. At that time a man named Ted Gobby joined them. The defendant told him that he had brought no cash with him, but he had a cheque for £200, which he asked Gobby to take to the bank and cash for him. Gobby returned soon after, saying he had been to the bank; but inasmuch as defendant had not endorsed the cheque, he could not get the money. It was arranged that they should go to Lingfield, and that Gobby should meet them at Victoria Station and hand them over the money. Gobby never came to Victoria Station, and prosecutor went with defendant to Lingfield. Defendant then asked prosecutor to go to the bank and get £50. Prosecutor at first refused, but afterwards went to his bank and got the sum named. Defendant took it, promising repayment when they met Gobby at Victoria Station. On arriving at the last-named station defendant said he had an appointment, and left prosecutor to wait for the appearance of Gobby, who did not turn up. Eventually the jury found the prisoner guilty. He was sentenced to nine months' hard labour.

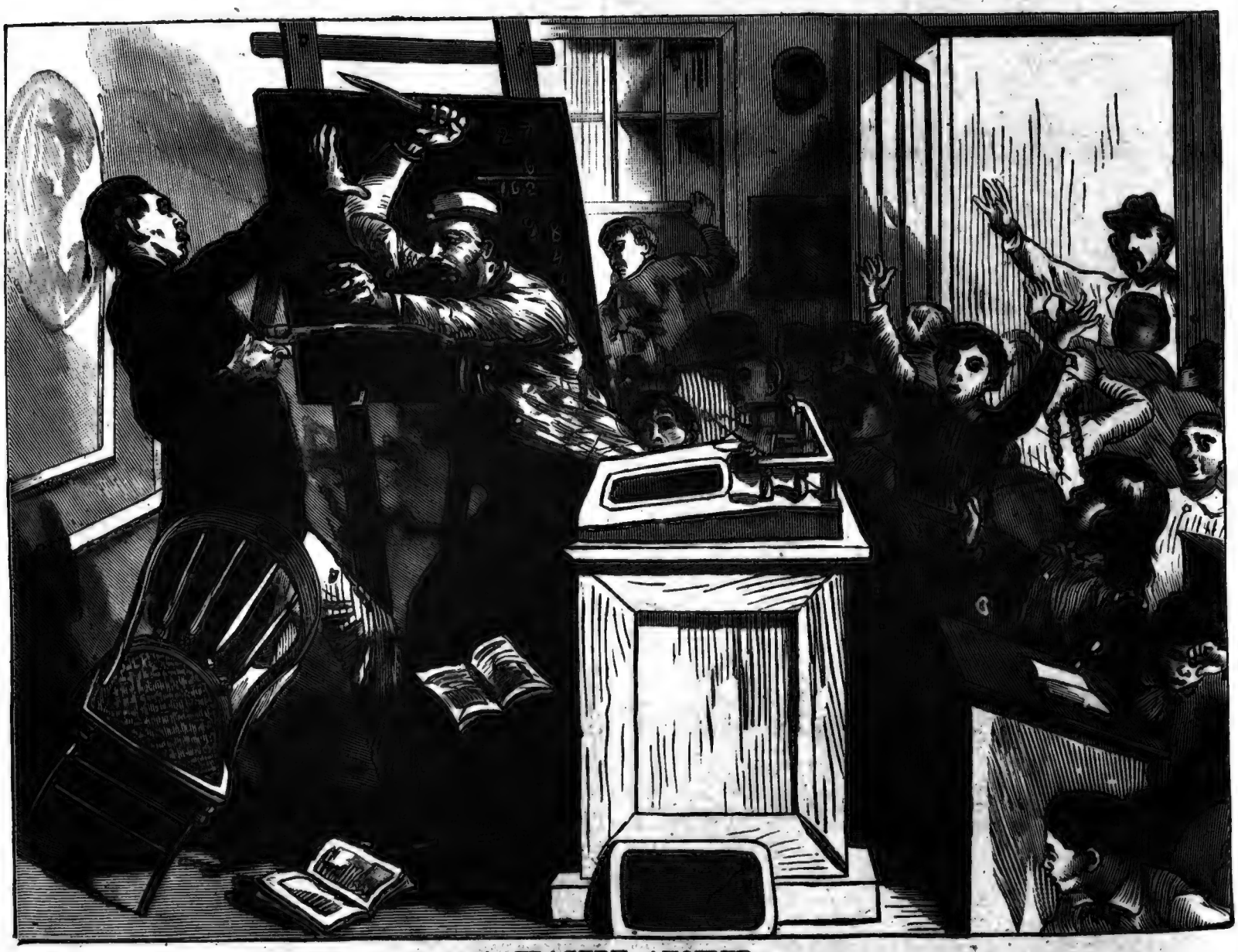


CRAZED BY LIQUOR.

The Strange Freak of an East Londoner who Tried to Kill his Wife and Child.

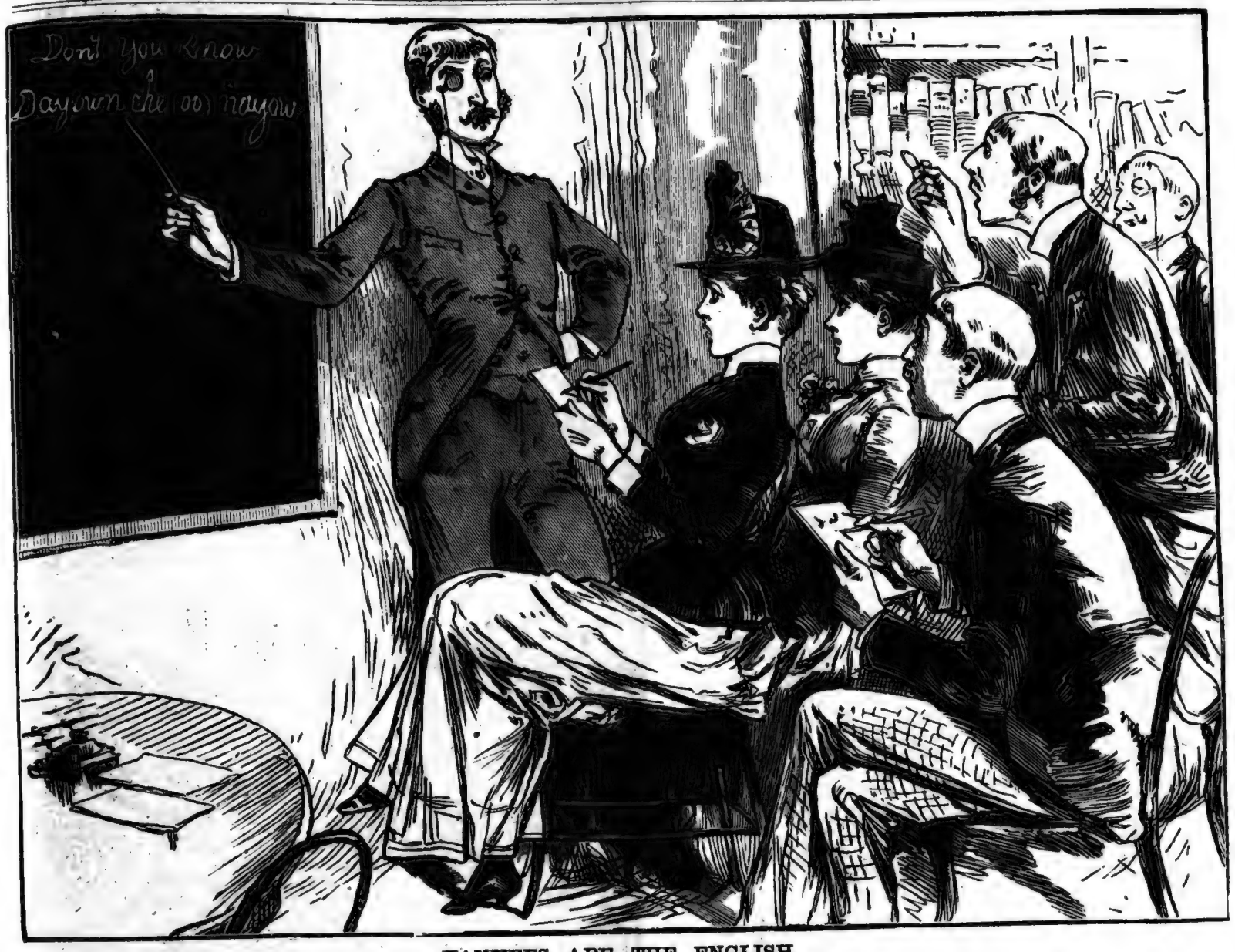
SHE TOOK A DROP.

A Female Aeronaut Meets with a Frightful Death in Doing a Drop with a Parachute.



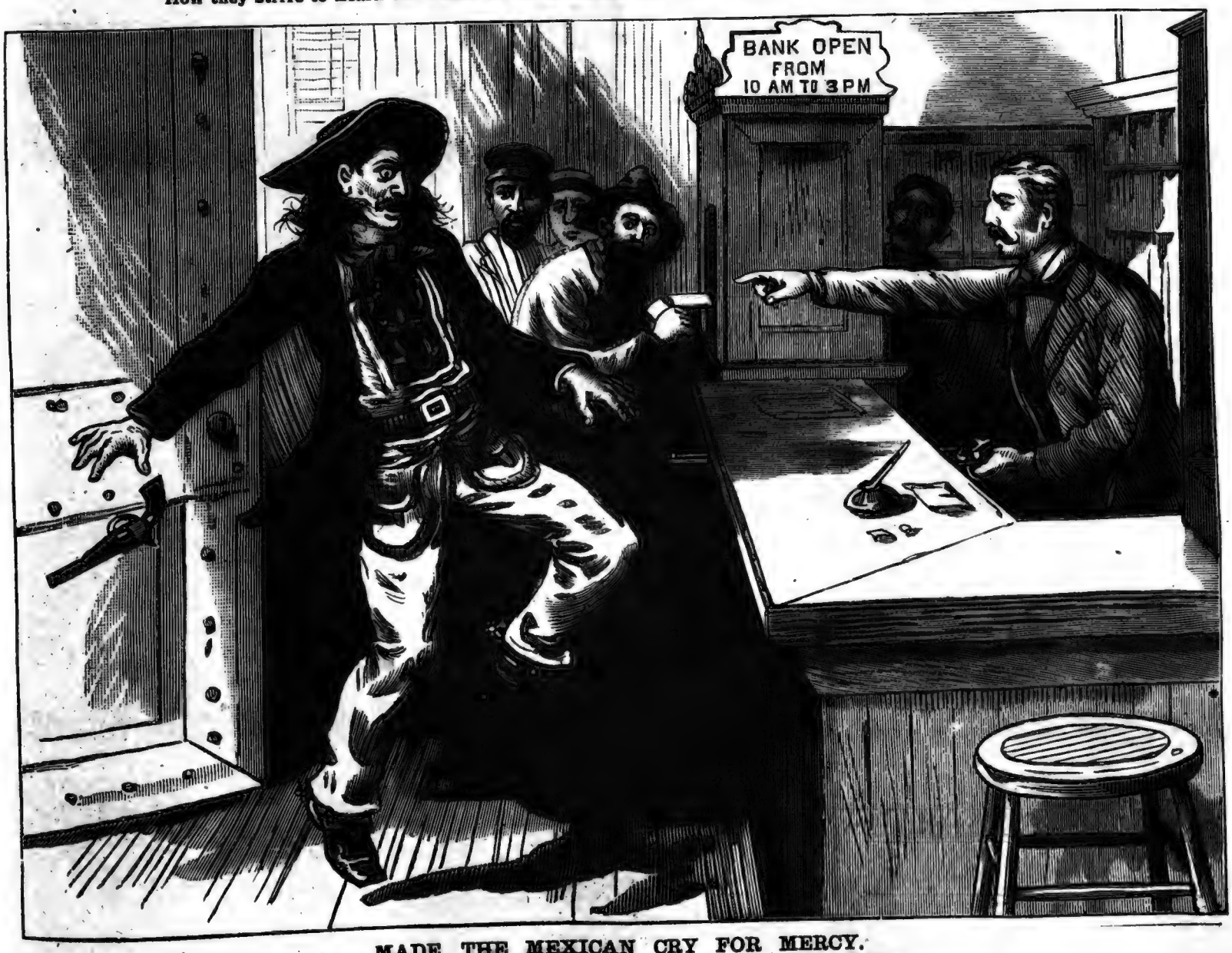
A TRAGEDY AVOIDED.

An Enraged Parent Attempts to Slay a Schoolmaster for Thrashing his Lad.



YANKEES APE THE ENGLISH.

How they Strive to Learn the Accent of the Britishers, and Find Pleasure in Imitating their Manners.



MADE THE MEXICAN CRY FOR MERCY.

The Plucky Stand of a Cashier Prevents a Bank being Robbed.

PROVED HIMSELF A GOOD 'UN.—A Quaker who, although he had many friends, was often reviled for his peculiarities of character, was one day most directly affronted by one of the big bluffing fraternity over a very trivial matter of opinion. The Quaker, who considered principle at stake, firmly adhered to his statement; but the loud-voiced one, who evidently thought anyone connected with a religious body would weaken, seized the opportunity to show his power by landing a smasher on the side of the Quaker's face. The latter stood still a moment, then said: "Thou can serve the other side the same, friend, can't thee?" "I can," said the ruffian, and bang it went. "Now," said the Quaker, reddening, "I have conformed to the rule of my Church which says 'If a man smite thee on the one cheek, turn to him also the other;' now I'll strip and fight thee, as I have been reckoned a smart lad in my time." He convinced those present in a few minutes that he spoke the truth, because he timed the bully's untutored rushes splendidly, and being a strong fellow thoroughly thrashed him. "You made a fine mistake," said a pal to the bluffer. "Well," said he, as he tried to wipe off his face the effect of the Quaker's knuckles, "when I told him what I could do to him he called me friend, and I thought he was trying to kid me."

* * *

BROUGHT HIS RIGHT ACROSS.—It is only of late years that Parisians have become enlightened as to the method of boxing according to our fashion. They were accustomed to indulging in a little pleasure known as savat. It means to spar for an opening by using the hands, and before a man knew what was coming the Frenchman's foot would land in the stomach or under the chin. A Birmingham pugilist once sought honours in the great French capital, and was landed up against a frog eater who was particularly clever with both feet. The story he told upon his return to England is as follows: "The coves told me as how I could make a quid or two by taking on a blessed French joker, so I goes to Paris and looks up a purse. We both put on gloves, and I feints him to draw him out. As I was busy trying to draw him out he 'kids' with his dukes, too. That threw me off, so I made up my mind as how I had easy game. Before I could think of what was coming he stuck his right foot up in my blooming stomach so hard that it doubled me up. Strike me but it set me to thinking, so I worked in close and brought the right across. It was all over. Mr. Frenchman never came again, but lay dead to the world upon the floor."

* * *

HE RAISED THE BET.—A good story is told of a London pugilist who arranged an impromptu fight with a man whom he had never heard of before. They staked a fiver apiece and then stripped for the fray, the London pugilist regarding the stranger with suspicion. When the pair squared off it was evident the stranger possessed but a limited amount of knowledge of the art of self-defence. Upon realising this the Londoner cried, "'Ere you, stop a bit. We'll make it ten quid a-side." The additional money was duly posted, and he then returned to his pals and remarked: "Well, blim'me if I can't whip that beggar in a punch, I'm blowed. See the way he puts up his blooming 'ands." They fought, and Jack was as good as his master, because the stranger planted a blow over the heart which put the pugilist completely out of the fight. When he came to so he could speak he said: "Hit's bad business to take any cove wots got two 'ands for a mug till you tries 'im."

* * *

HIS WEIGHT FLUCTUATED.—We have a little 'un known as Mick Lonergan who is pretty useful in a 24ft. ring. He is rather humorous in his remarks, and quite a favourite with those who know him. It was at a small gathering of the fancy that Mick was present, and considerable fight talk was indulged in. It simmered down to chaffing about little 'uns, when one remarked: "Mick, what is your fighting weight?" "When I'm sober, sir, I'm 6st 10lb, but boozed I weigh 14st."

MADE THE MEXICAN CRY FOR MERCY.

The Plucky Stand of a Cashier Prevents a Bank Being Robbed.

(Subject of Illustration.)

MEXICANS are noted for their cowardice, but when they are in possession of a revolver and come in contact with citizens who are unarmed they take every advantage possible. When placed on level terms with anyone they will funk in a most deplorable manner. An excellent display of cowardice was exhibited at a bank in Santa Fé, New Mexico, recently. A "greaser" marched boldly up to the cashier's desk, and presenting a revolver he demanded all the available cash. The cashier, however, was not easily frightened. Reaching beneath the counter, he secured a Winchester rifle, and, shoving the gun through the hole, he warned the Mexican that he had him covered, and unless he dropped his weapon at once he would be instantly killed. The Mexican, perceiving the stock of the cocked rifle in the cashier's hand, let drop his revolver, and, jumping back, begged for mercy. He was held at bay until the arrival of an officer, and was placed under arrest.

YANKEES APE THE ENGLISH.

How they Strive to Learn the Accent of the Britishers, and Find Pleasure in Imitating their Manners.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"IT is becoming quite a fad in New York," says a correspondent, "to imitate the English in their style of dress, actions, and language. One broken-down English swell found lucrative employment in instructing sap-heads how to make use of the English language that they might imitate London swells. He has a large office where pupils attend almost every day, and the various words are written first as they are spelt and then as they are pronounced in English. Those who attend take copy of each lesson, which they practise. The majority of the men find the eye-glass indispensable in order to complete their make-up.

CELEBRATING THE PROFESSOR'S RETURN.

College Students Enjoy Themselves to the Discomfiture of a Professor.

(Subject of Illustration).

Now that the college season has opened, we shall from time to time hear of the escapades of the students attending the various institutions. A correspondent informs us that on the return of a well-known Professor the other day the students laid siege to the hotel where he was about to be put up. Rushing into the hotel corridor they indulged in all manner of ludicrous freaks, some participating in high kicking, whilst the rest indulged in a general dance, singing the various favourite songs. The Professor was somewhat astounded, and promises that when the class gets well under way he shall make them regret their wild antics.

LOVE LETTERS AS WALL PAPER.

How Barmaids Make Use of Letters Sent Them by Admirers.

(Subject of Illustration.)

IF young men were well posted they would not bestow their attentions upon the barmaid fraternity, particularly after they caught a glimpse of a room in a certain London hotel. They would never compromise themselves to such an extent as to write a letter to any girl obtaining a living by dispensing liquor. At the hotel in question two girls of prepossessing appearance can boast of a host of admirers who are continually sending them notes of an affectionate character. Having obtained quite a collection they adorned the walls of their sleeping apartment with love tokens. Lady friends who call upon them find great pleasure in reading the various epistles pasted upon the walls. Some of them are from a man in good standing in social and financial circles.

HANDCUFFS FOR A FLIRT.

A Man Serves a Girl and a Masher a Good Lesson in a Restaurant.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A MAN about town placed a young lady in rather a compromising predicament at a well-known West-end restaurant the other day. It appears he had invited her out to dinner, and instead of monopolising her entire attention she found pleasure in carrying on a flirtation with a man at the next table. After the food had been dispensed with, he concluded to teach the young lady a lesson, which she will ever remember. Extracting from his pocket a pair of handcuffs, he grasped the left arm of the young lady and handcuffed it to the right arm of the man whom she had been flirting with. Bidding them good-bye, he left the restaurant notifying the couple that they could have the pleasure of liquidating the bill he had contracted on her behalf.

GEORGE WASHINGTON ("PONY") MOORE.

A Famous Minstrel who is a Thorough Sportsman.

(With Portrait.)

IT would indeed be a difficult matter to find a man, woman, or child in any English-speaking country who has not heard of George Washington, otherwise known as "Pony" Moore. He was born in New York 68 years ago, and when a lad he turned his attentions to the minstrels. When the Christy Minstrel troupe was organised for an English tour the management realised that "Pony" was a necessary acquisition. He came, and as a proof of how he has been treated is best demonstrated by the fact that London has since been his home. He established Moore and Burgess's Minstrels at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, and so successful was he there that a syndicate purchased the use of the name and the plant for £36,000. Pony is the proprietor of the Washington Music Hall, Battersea, and the owner of an elegant residence in St. John's Wood, both freehold properties. Recently he has devoted considerable attention to the Turf, and has a string of horses racing under his colours. He has been a patron of fighting men, having backed, among others, Charles Mitchell, his son-in-law, Jake Kilrain, and F. P. Slavin. He is loyal to all whom he takes a fancy to, and money with him has always been a secondary consideration. Fighters and their managers are always proud to boast of Pony's support, knowing that with the sporting and amusement world his name stands pre-eminent.

LANCASHIRE FOOTBALLERS FOR AMERICA.

ONCE more Lancashire is suffering from an acute attack of American enterprise. This time, however, it is in the world of football that the trouble has arisen. Fired by their progress in cricket, the aspiring athletes of the United States are taking up the Association game, and, with their customary thoroughness, have sent over a trusty agent to secure the services of some of the crack North-country professionals as coaches for their, as yet, inexperienced players. All the best men, of course, are in the ranks of the leading clubs, and under contract to play for them and for no one else, and the loss of one of its members might make all the difference between a team's success or failure in the coming season. It is easy to imagine, therefore, the anxiety of football officials lest any of their forces should yield to the blandishments of the Transatlantic charmer and fly with him to the New World. Now their fears have been realised. Four champions have disappeared suddenly, and it is supposed that they are already speeding westward on the Teutonic. Others, it seems, who are suspected of having signed agreements are being watched, although it is to be feared that the moral influence of this vigilance will not avail much against the almighty dollar. Other power to stop them there is none, save an injunction, which might perhaps be granted by the time the fugitives were in Mid-Atlantic. The only way out of the difficulty is to get an addition made to the Tariff Act imposing a prohibitive duty on professional football players.

THE time had come for them to part. Her grief smote him to the heart. Tenderly he gathered her in his arms.

"You will try to seem gay," he faltered, "for my sake?"

She smiled bravely through her tears.

"Yes, Alfred. I will at least seem gay. I——"

She spoke with the firmness of settled resolution now.

"——will bleach my hair."

He could ask no more, and, such being the fact, he took his departure.

* * *

THE GOVERNOR: "I suppose, Clarence, you have returned to business with renewed vigour?"

Clarence: Aw—yaas; that is, after I—aw get rested om my vacation!"

THOMAS MILLARD.

A Crouch End Sprinter.

(With Portrait.)

THIS well-known sprinter, who is twenty-two years of age, and stands 5ft. 11½in. in height, weighs in condition 12st. As an amateur, at all distances from one mile up to ten, he has been remarkably successful, flying the colours of the Spartan and Kentish Harriers. He turned professional, and won the Manchester Handicap off the 12½ yards mark. During the past season, at the Palace Grounds, he ran unplaced. He will shortly be matched with Moody, of Islington, in a 600 yards race, which will be decided at the Tufnell Park Grounds. He should prove a speedy customer to all comers from 120 yards up to the quarter mile. His unassuming manner has created for him a host of friends, who will be glad to hear of his further success.

HE PAID THE BILL.

SOME time ago a self-sacrificing band of married gentlemen, filled with the spirit of universal forgiveness, founded a Society for the Rehabilitation of Mothers-in-Law in Public Opinion. What success, if any, attended their efforts has never been made public, but it may safely be assumed that if Mr. Bucknill, of Carlisle Mansions, Westminster, and Richard Hunt, cab driver, were ever members of the devoted association they have now retired from its ranks. It was all because of a mother-in-law's little luxuries that the two appeared before the magistrate at Westminster. The lady who occupies that honourable position towards Mr. Bucknill favoured him with her presence on Sunday, and in the afternoon Hunt's cab was hired for the purpose of giving her, the nurse, and the baby a drive to Regent's Park and back. At the end of the airing the mother-in-law tendered the driver a half-crown, which was 1s. 4d. less than the fare according to the time-bill. She, however, declined to pay any more, and graciously referred him to her son-in-law, Mr. Bucknill, who, on the other hand, generously sent him to his mother-in-law, who had hired the vehicle without his authority or sanction. Between the two Hunt came to the magistrate for redress, and, with the gallantry natural to London cabmen, left the lady in peace in order to "go for" the gentleman for the 1s. 4d. When Mr. Bucknill admitted the mother-in-lawship of the half-crown giver, Mr. Sheil smiled significantly and remarked, "Ah, that accounts for it. Don't you think you had better pay this paltry sum, even though it was for a mother-in-law?" Some demur was made to the suggestion, and the magistrate then said it would be necessary to have the attendance of the mother-in-law, who was stated to be a Mrs. Robertson, residing at Brighton. It was a shabby defence, and the cabman must not be allowed to suffer. Either the lady or the son-in-law would have to pay. Hearing which, the latter remarked, "I suppose we had better settle it. Rather than be put to further annoyance, we will pay the claim." This he did—also the costs, which he said were "rather heavy." "Not at all," replied Mr. Sheil, cheerfully; "yours is the sort of economy which is rather expensive."

TRIED TO BREAK MONTE CARLO BANK.

ANOTHER Parisian who tried to break the bank at Monte Carlo has come to grief. He was formerly a well-known plunger, and lost a fortune on the turf. A few weeks since he advertised in the newspapers that he was ready to supply thoroughbred racers to young sportsmen. The bait took, and the advertiser received four hundred pounds, on account, from intending purchasers. With this sum in his pocket the misguided man left for Monte Carlo, where he gambled away away his ill-gotten gains. As he had only a few centimes in his pocket, he took a ticket for the first station beyond the headquarters of roulette. By this means he got through to Paris, where he was arrested by an inspector of the Gare de Lyon on a charge of defrauding the company. The broken gambler offered to pay the money for his journey from the South if allowed to go to his lodgings. The railway officials then drove with him in a cab to the place where he lived. On the way the ex-plunger took advantage of the congestion of traffic to jump out of the vehicle, but the inspectors soon had him back. The delinquent, throwing up the sponge, made a full confession of his tricks to raise funds, and was sent to the police depôt, there to deplore his failures and his follies.

"Do you let your wife have her own way in everything?"

"Yes; it's the only way I can manage her."

* * *

MISS DAISY LOVELACE: "Let this little flower be your mascot."

Jockey: "Thanks, but a kiss would be even sweeter, and weigh less."

— That an inquest was held at Kingswinford, Staffordshire, on the body of a young man named Frank Griffiths, who died on October 1 from injuries received in a football match. Griffiths played for a club known as the Kingswinford Albion against a neighbouring team, and was kicked in the stomach. A verdict of accidental death was returned.

* * *

— That J. Platt-Betts, of the London County Cycling Club, succeeded in beating the long-standing two miles safety bicycle record of 4min 20sec made by A. W. Harris, of Leicester, at the same enclosure on October 12 last year. Paced alternately by tandem crews, consisting of P. W. Brown and J. Camp, F. Polehampton and W. Broadbridge, Elijah Scott and Cole, Platt-Betts rode brilliantly, covering his first quarter of a mile in 31 3-5sec (only 2-5sec outside record), half a mile in 1min 2-5sec (only 2-5sec worse than record), three-quarters in 1min 31 3-5sec, one mile in 2min 4sec (only 2 2-5sec outside his own record), one and a quarter mile in 2min 38 1-5sec, one and a half mile in 3min 13sec, one and three-quarter mile in 3min 46 3-5sec, and two miles in 4min 19 3-5sec—2-5sec faster than the previous best.

* * *

— That a wedding arranged in Newry between a young man named M'Keown and a girl named Reilly has had an unexpected dénouement. The bridal party was proceeding to church, when the bridegroom's sister had an altercation with the bride, and a regular stand-up fight was the result. Other members of the procession tried ineffectually to separate the bleeding combatants, a task eventually performed by a policeman. The marriage has been indefinitely postponed.

* * *

— That John Sadler, who at one time was a very prominent bookmaker, and well known all over the United Kingdom, died at his residence in Liverpool. He was 66 years old.

* * *

— That Thomas Raymond, licensee of the York Hotel, Williamson Square, Liverpool, was fined £20 for singing an indecent song in the singing-room attached to the hotel. Four persons who were in the room left and complained to the police.

* * *

That Miss Ashley, who aspires to be known as the champion woman sculler of America, is a Norwegian by birth, although she has lived in the States since her fourth year. She has practised with a shell for only three months, but she has worked so energetically that she has developed wonderful strength and skill. She thinks nothing of rowing twelve to fifteen miles in her twenty-seven-pound shell, and keeps herself in training by a simple diet, long walks, and swimming.

* * *

— That the Duke of Somerset died suddenly on October 2, at the Cedars, Wells, Somerset. He was born in 1813, and came to the title as 14th Duke in 1891. He is succeeded in the title by his eldest son, Lord Algernon Seymour, who was born in 1846.

* * *

— That an extraordinary scene was witnessed at a Cheshire wedding Oct. 5. The bridegroom was received with groans and hisses, and a running fire of abuse was kept up throughout the ceremony by a party of ladies from Winsford. Their hostility seemed to arise from the notion that the bridegroom was marrying the wrong girl. On leaving the church he was mobbed, his hat being knocked off, his face scratched, and coat torn. The bridegroom was at length rescued by the bride, and escaped in a gig.

* * *

— That on October 5 the results of the championship of the South London Rifle Club, which has been in progress during the greater part of the season at the Runnemede Rifle Ranges, near Staines, were announced, and show some remarkable shooting, the tests being two shots at each of the ranges of 200, 500, and 600 yards—and two at the extreme distances of 800 and 900 yards ten shots. Private W. H. Trask, H.A.C., for the fourth year in succession, makes the highest aggregate, and wins the gold jewel, trophy, and first money prize for 720 points (the trophy being now his absolute property). Captain M'Conkey, London Scottish, wins the silver jewel and second money prize for 699, and Private J. Hope, South Middlesex, the bronze jewel and third money prize for 681. The next best winners are: Sergeant Howe, 1st Berks, 680; Private Prismall, 3rd Middlesex, 671; and Captain R. Foster, 4th West Surrey, 668. The revolver championship was won by Mr. Winans, 322.

* * *

— That a bank robbery of a very daring character has been carried out at Bloomfield, Indiana, U.S. Three men blew in the door of the building with dynamite, and succeeded in obtaining possession of 5,000 dollars, with which they made off. A sheriff's posse with bloodhounds started in pursuit of the robbers, one of whom was overtaken and shot dead; 1,100 dollars of the stolen money was found on him. The other two men escaped.

* * *

— That a middle-aged, plainly-dressed woman was arrested, October 5, at Chicago, with Anarchist circulars in her possession signed "Lizzie Loftus, Queen of the Anarchists." The pamphlets order the destruction of Chicago to be carried out about the 6th inst. The woman was arrested at a railway station in the city. She refused to give any account of herself, and was committed to gaol

* * *

— That a new burlesque, entitled "All My Eye-vanhoe," will be produced on or about the 20th inst., with a cast that includes Mr. Fred Storey, Mr. Harry Grattan, Mr. Fred Wight, jun., and Mr. J. L. Shine; Miss Phyllis Broughton, Miss Bertha Myers, Miss Agnes Hewitt, Miss Maggie Roberts, and Miss Clara Jecks.

PHUNNYGRAPHS.

PATER (entering suddenly): "Phur-r-r! What do you mean, sir, by thus embracing my daughter? Ethel, I am surprised."

Ethel (bravely): "So are we, papa dear; so are we."

* * *

WILKS: "I heard the girls talking to-day about some fellow that they said could make any woman happy. I wonder who it is?"

Jilks: "Spriggs, the man milliner."

* * *

THE OPTIMIST: "Now, as to women, generally speaking——"

The Disagreeable Man: "Yes, she's generally speaking."

* * *

"BLINKERS has given up calling on Miss Goldcoin. Did her father object to his suit?"

"No; it was the mastiff that ruined it."

* * *

THIS is the season the oyster, quite raw,
Slips to a place it has ne'er been before;
And really a man for a moment's not "cert."
If it went down his throat or the front of his shirt.

* * *

"YOU don't mean to tell me that you fought the champion of pugilism to a draw?"

"Exactly. I went into the ring with him just long enough to let an artist sketch us."

* * *

LOWENSTEIN (despairingly): "Rebecca, I haf failedt in peezness."

Mrs. L.: "Vell, don'd put on dot long face. I vasn't one of your creditors.

* * *

WOOL: "Hicks must think a great deal of his wife."

Van Pelt: "What makes you think so?"

Wool: "For five years he has kept a cat at the office to eat the cup custard his wife made for his lunch."

* * *

"I THINK I have increased in weight but decreased in height."

"Oh, no! One never knows how short he is till he returns from his summer vacation."

* * *

PROFESSOR (to scholar): "What are you laughing at? Not at me?"

"Oh, no, sir."

"Then, what else is there in the room to laugh at?"

* * *

BELLA (teasingly): "Say something funny, Algy."

Algernon (promptly): "Certainly. Will you marry me?"

Bella: "O, but marriage is no joke, you know."

* * *

WE should like to know the name of the author of the following puzzle and anagram:

A —— old woman with —— intent
Put on her —— and to market went;
"——," said she, "give me, I pray,
The wherewithal to —— this day."

Each of the blanks is to be filled with a word of four letters, and the same letters occur in each of the five different words. These words are consecutively "vile," "evil," "veil," "Levi," and "live." We repeat that we are curious to learn the name of the author of this ingenious anagram puzzle.

* * *

CLERK: "I really cannot read this letter, sir; the writing is too bad."

Employer (impatiently): "Nonsense! The writing is good enough; any ass could read it. Hand it to me."

HE KICKED TOO LATE.

A YOUNG man, who seemed overweighted with the number of "wrongs" he had to recount to the magistrate, entered the witness-box of the Marylebone Police-court, and first sighed and then said, "I want to know, sir, whether a young woman who, when she gets married, gives a wrong name, a wrong age, the wrong nome of her father, and a wrong description of her father's profession, whether she's lawfully married? I wish to know whether the marriage can be set aside as void—not only void, sir, but null and void?" The magistrate gave up the attempt to count the number of "wrongs" alleged in the case, and asked, "Who are you, may I ask?" "I'm the husband of the young woman," answered the young man. "We've been married three years, and it turns out that she assumed the name she was married in. Is it null and void?" And he looked anxiously at the occupant of the tribunal chair, and put up his hand to his ear in order not to lose a single word of the consolatory counsel he expected. Mr. Cooke merely remarked, "Three years is a very long time—too long for my interference. I cannot help you now." The young man went away with the impression that another "wrong" had been added to his already long list. If his marriage was not "null and void" his countenance was.

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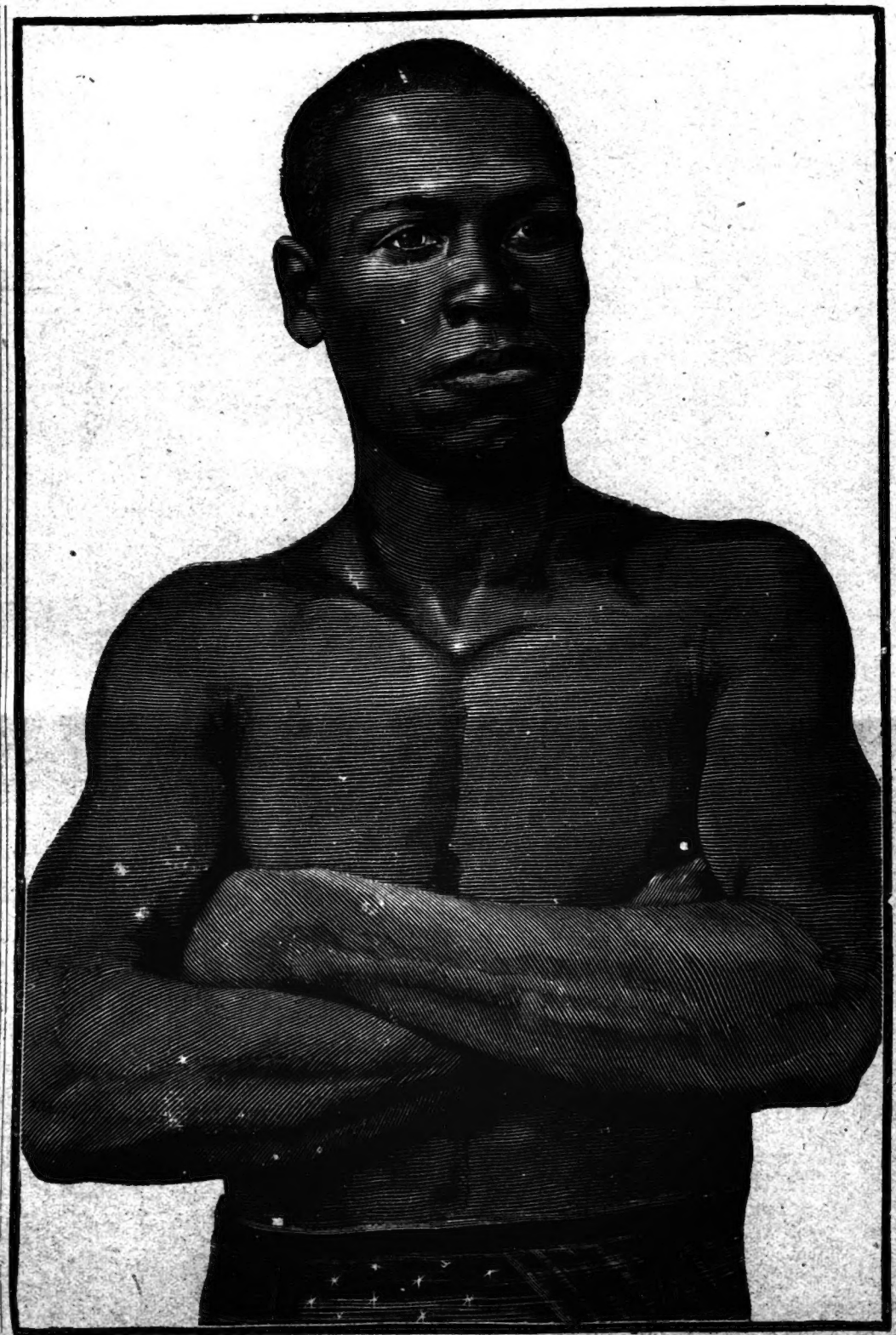


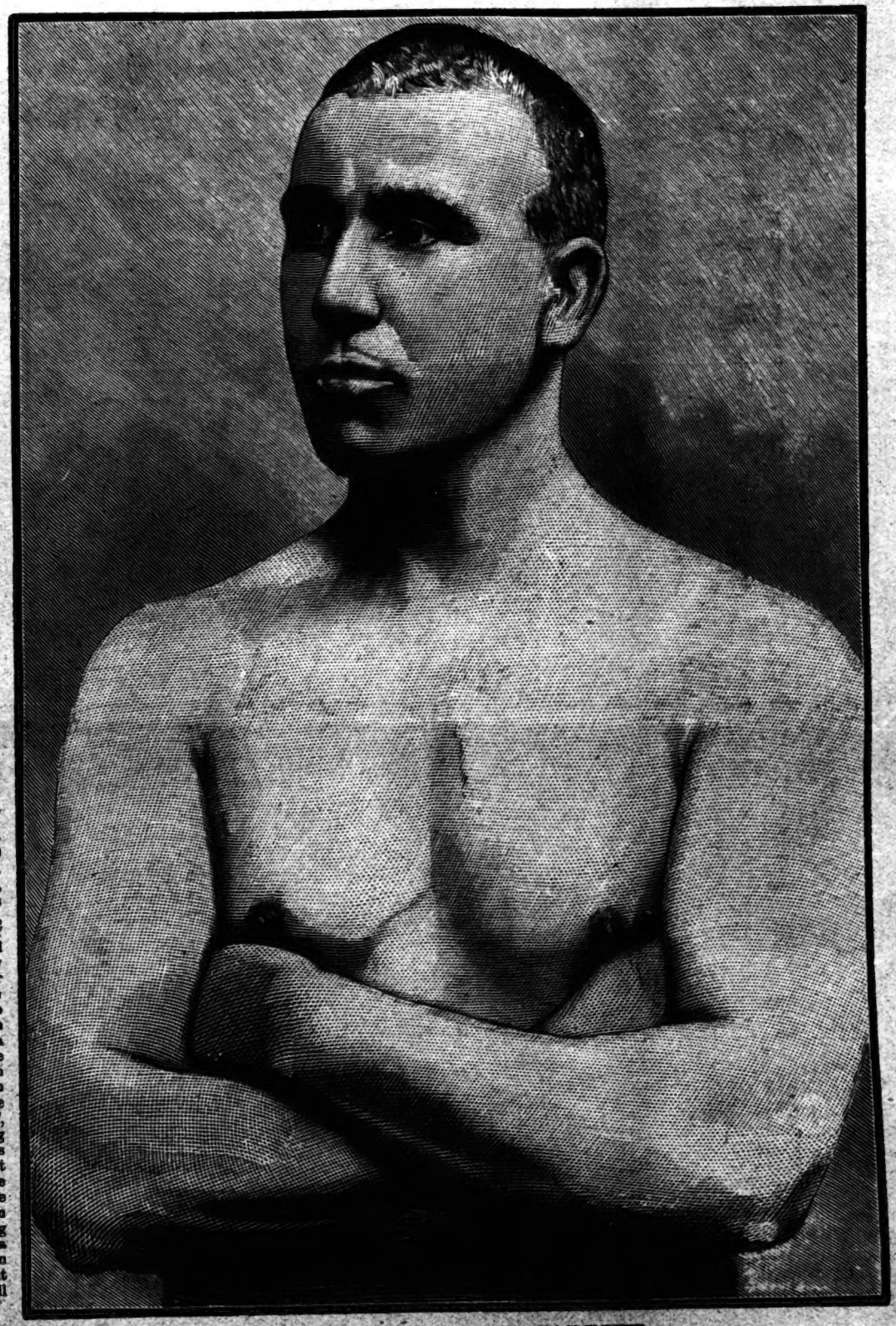
FRANK CRAIG, THE COFFEE COOLER,
COLOURED CHAMPION.

RECORDS OF THE MEN.

FRANK CRAIG, THE COFFEE COOLER, was born in New York City, April 1, 1870. He has figured successfully in twenty-five roller skating races, won several prizes in foot races up to five miles, and displayed considerable ability in his boyhood days as a baseball player.

His boxing record is as follows: Beat J. Y. Fisher, nine rounds; beat Julius Mack, four rounds; beat Wilson Henry, eight rounds; beat Johnny Banks, three rounds; beat Jack Ashton, four rounds; stayed four rounds with Jake Kilrain; beat Frank Bosworth, four rounds; beat Mike Leary, four rounds; beat Jack Hopper, two rounds; beat Bill Davies, four rounds; beat Ben Bailey, three rounds; beat Fish Carter, three rounds; beat Bill Davis, six rounds; beat George Broad, four rounds; beat Bob Jackson, one round; beat Jack McGee, one round; beat Jack Van Houten, six rounds; beat George Cannon, six rounds; beat Joe Ellingsworth, seven rounds; beat Fred Woods, six rounds; beat Jim Curley, three rounds; beat Joe Butler, one round; beat Pete Burns, one round; won an open middle-weight competition promoted by Prof. Donovan; beat Dick Baker, two rounds; beat Fred Morris, the Cyclone, eighteen rounds; beat Bill Slavin, two rounds; boxed two four-round draws with Dan Creedon; beaten by Peter Maher, the Irish Giant.

JOHN O'BRIEN was born at Cardiff, Dec. 20, 1867. He is 5ft. 10½in. tall, and with hard training can come within 11st. 4lb. in weight. His first engagement was with Jem Driscoll, whom he beat in six rounds, for a purse, in Cardiff. Next he defeated Peter Burns (alias Dublin Tom), in three rounds, the contest being decided in Cardiff, for a purse. His next battle was with "Shonnie" (the Engineer), whom he defeated in the old style, in 19min., for £50 a-side and the Championship of Wales. Beat Felix Scott, the black, in three rounds, at Liverpool, O'Brien breaking one of his arms in the first round. On November 25, 1890, O'Brien was beaten by Ted Bryant, of Chelsea, in 27sec., at Bob Habbijam's School of Arms. This result was brought about by a fluke, and all attempts to arrange another match between the pair failed, though O'Brien's friends offered odds of £400 to £200. At the late Pelican Club, O'Brien defeated Ted White in eight rounds for a £90 purse, on March 7, 1891, and at the same place he defeated Alf Ball in seven rounds for a purse of the value of £120, on May 27, 1891. On December 21 of the same year O'Brien beat Alf Mitchell, of Cardiff, in eight rounds, at the National Sporting Club, for a £300 purse. His last battle was against David St. John, April 23, 1894, at the National Sporting Club, for £50 a-side and a purse of £50. Five rounds were fought with varying fortunes, when O'Brien got in a right hand stomach blow, causing St. John to collapse. He soon sent home a finisher and secured the battle; O'Brien broke his left arm early in the battle, but struggled on with the utmost gameness till he won.



JOHN O'BRIEN, OF CARDIFF,
THE WELSH CHAMPION.

CONTESTANTS IN THE INTERNATIONAL MIDDLE-WEIGHT FIGHT.

CRAIG A COOLER.

SCORES AN EASY WIN.

O'Brien a Chopping Block before Craig's Cruel Blows.

Money Backing for Craig to Fight any Middle-Weight in the World.

Words of Praise for the Cooler's Wonderful Ability.

THE great international middle-weight glove contest between Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, America's coloured champion, and John O'Brien, of Cardiff, the Welsh champion, was decided at the rooms of the National Sporting Club on October 8.

Manager John Fleming conducted the meeting in admirable fashion, and words of praise were awarded to him by the members. By way of an introduction, Sam Thomas, alias Butcher, of Pontypridd, and W. Lines, of Bristol, were pitted together for a twenty-round match. A purse and also a wager of £25 a-side was in abeyance. Neither cared to rush matters, and an uninteresting meeting for the first few rounds was the result. In the ninth round Lines assumed the aggressive, and fought Butcher to the ropes. He received several heavy blows, and when it became apparent to the referee that Thomas was well beaten he wisely stopped the bout and declared Lines the winner.

HOW THE MATCH WAS MADE.

When Prof. Mike Donovan visited London in August he announced through the columns of THE MIRROR OF LIFE that he was prepared to back the Coffee Cooler to fight any middle-weight in England for a suitable purse. John O'Brien, the Welsh champion, in the meantime had written Mr. John Fleming, of the National Sporting Club, that should he fail to procure a match in this country he contemplated a trip to the States in search of a fight. When Donovan was introduced to Mr. Fleming, the latter at once expressed a willingness, on behalf of the club, to give a purse of £150 for a fight between the Cooler and O'Brien. That appeared to be satisfactory to Professor Donovan, and immediately he returned to New York City he secured passages for Craig and his trainer, Dennis Butler, to leave at once for here. They landed at Tilbury, September 6, on the steamer Mohawk, and on reaching London reported to THE MIRROR OF LIFE office. O'Brien was at once communicated with through Mr. Fleming, and the two middle-weights met for the first time at THE MIRROR OF LIFE office, September 8, to complete necessary arrangements for the great fight.

After the usual greetings had been gone through, the question of weight arose. O'Brien wanted it 11st 4lb, give or take two pounds, but Craig was obstinate, and declared he would give or take nothing, and that both should weigh in at 11st 4lb at the ring side. After a considerable amount of parley it was finally agreed that the men should weigh at two o'clock on the afternoon of the day of the fight. The party then adjourned to the National Sporting Club, where they met Mr. Fleming, and the club articles were then signed by both principals.

THE MEN IN TRAINING.

Both men went into training, Craig at Eltham and O'Brien in Monmouthshire, about twenty miles outside of Cardiff. Good reports were received from both men from time to time, and as they progressed in their work excitement increased. Reports were sent about regarding the possibility of O'Brien coming down to the required weight, but such malicious rumours were set at rest last Saturday, when Thomas Welch, of Cardiff, telegraphed Mr. Fleming that the Welsh champion was fit and well, and could readily come within the 11st 4lb limit at a few hours' notice. The Cardiff contingent reached London early on Monday morning, and about noon time the Coffee Cooler reached the metropolis.

THE MEN WEIGH IN.

Promptly at two o'clock both men and their friends put in an appearance at the club, and Mr. Fleming escorted them into a room in the rear of the Exhibition Hall. Among those present were Mr. Albert Fleming, Bobby Habbijam, Barney Sheppard, Tom Tully, and several gentlemen who are members of the organisation. After the scales had been balanced the required 11st 4lb of weights were set upon the platform. O'Brien hastily doffed his wearing apparel and sat upon the platform opposite the one that held the weights. It balanced, a fact which proved that the Welshman had just come down to the prescribed limit. He looked a trifle haggard and rather too finely drawn to suit the eyes of the knowing ones for a gruelling, up-hill battle.

Craig, after disrobing, sat upon the platform, and it was noticed that he was a pound within the weight limit. O'Brien availed himself of the courtesy extended by Mr. Fleming, and at once went to a sleeping apartment in the club house. The Cooler returned to the Albion Hotel, Ludgate Circus, and sat down to a hearty meal, consisting of two mutton chops, some toast, and a cup of tea.

When the time arrived for the big event interest waxed warm, and considerable money was wagered on the result.

COOLER WAS A FAVOURITE

at odds of 100 to 60, and at those odds he was well supported.

O'BRIEN HAD MANY ADMIRERS

who thought he reduced his weight at too short a notice, and consequently were a trifle doubtful about his staying qualities.

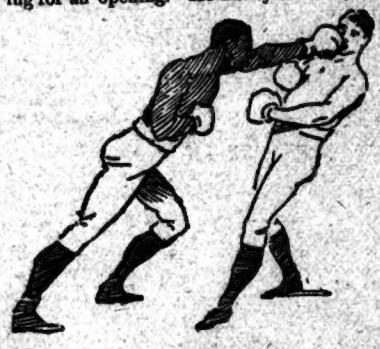
Craig was the first to enter the ring. He was followed by Professor Butler and Barney Sheppard as seconds, and Sergeant Mogford as bottle-holder. The members applauded him heartily. Shortly afterwards O'Brien put in an appearance. He was waited upon by Jack Harper and Mangle Hyams.

The reception he received was sufficient proof of his popularity.

Mr. B. J. Angle was referee, whilst Mr. Couzins held the timepiece.

Upon being ordered to shake hands both walked quickly to the centre, and after the usual salutation they retreated to their corners, and Mr. Angle then ordered the battle to proceed:—

ROUND 1.—Craig had a smile upon his face, and, chewing nervously upon a piece of gum, he acted rather cautious. He stood erect, with his left hand well extended and his right drawn close across his stomach. O'Brien had an anxious look, and stood in the centre whilst the Cooler made use of a circle, retreating, then advancing and feinting for an opening. He finally saw one, and



planted his left lightly upon the nose. This he followed up with the right, but it failed to land upon the vital spot. O'Brien finally let go his left, but it grazed past the Cooler's ear, and they

FOUGHT TO A CLINCH.

On parting, the men sparred warily for a few seconds, and then like a tiger the Cooler got home left and right on the head, driving O'Brien to the ropes. The men took the centre again, and Craig planted in two left-handers on the face. O'Brien missed a right hand swing.

IT WENT OVER THE SHOULDER.

Craig then countered heavily on the face, and, following up the advantage, he sent his right on the head, the men coming to a clinch. Some short arm work followed, but it was ineffective on both sides. In a rally O'Brien was forced down, but quickly arose just as time was called.

ROUND 2, AND LAST.—Craig sprang from his seat, determined to bring matters to a hasty conclusion. He feinted for an opening, but

O'BRIEN DREW BACK HIS RIGHT.

This made the dusky warrior halt, but he gradually worked around the ring, and before O'Brien could realise the position he was in he received the left and right heavily on the jaw.

THE COOLER DROVE HIM TO THE ROPES,

and with a well-directed right-hander on the jaw sent O'Brien down. He arose only to be again knocked down with a jaw-breaker. He got up rather slowly, and a little cautious sparring followed. Then the Cooler put in

the left and right on the head, bringing the game Welshman to the boards once more. Craig retired to his corner, and O'Brien slowly arose. When he had got fairly upon his feet he was again floored with a cruel punch on the ear. O'Brien went down, and had he not been the gamest of men he would never have come again, but he struggled manfully up, only to be sent down on his face.

HE TRIED TO GET UP,

but nature gave out, and when the ten seconds were ticked off Mr. Angle gave the award to the Cooler.

Round 2 lasted but one minute and thirty-two seconds.

OPINIONS ON THE CONTEST.

O'Brien: The Cooler can't hit hard.

Thomas Welch, backer of O'Brien: Our man was trained too fine. He would like to fight at catch weight.

Joe Manners: We didn't see much of him, but he's a bot 'un.

Joe Thompson, the celebrated bookmaker: He is a wonder.

Will Hulse, Dog and Bear, Nottingham, he who can judge a fighting man: A good 'un. The best I ever saw.

Joe Harris, the Globe Trotter: Just what I always said. He is a tip-topper; one of the very best in the world.

Dick Moore, a champion American middle-weight: One of the greatest middle-weights I ever saw. I have fought Dan Creedon, but Craig can do Creedon. I would not object to meeting Craig.

Albert Fleming: He is the greatest man I've seen in years. He can give pounds away.

Jem Carney: The best man for his weight I ever saw.

Ted White: He is a master hand at the game.

Charles Danby: He is a marvel.

Sam Thomas, alias Butcher: I don't think much of Craig.

Colonel North and brother: He is a very good man, and should beat anybody in England.

T. J. McNeill: It takes a marvel to whip such a game 'un as O'Brien in such short order.

Elkan Simons, the noted Birmingham sportsman and cigar merchant: What a marvel! He can whip any big 'un in England easy.

Jack Harper: The battle would never have been lost if O'Brien had only led off with his left, and not waited to bring in his own right, which has so often done duty.

Pony Moore, the famous minstrel and sportsman: Just as I expected. Craig is the greatest fighter in the world for his weight. He is an artist, and can dance and play the harmonica in wonderful fashion. He would be a great card on the music-hall stage.

Barney Sheppard, prominent as a manager of pugilists: I never saw a man who could hit so quick and so hard.

Bobby Habbijam: O'Brien was trained too fine. Craig is a good 'un.

Tom Hyams: I will lay 2 to 1 on him every time he fights. He's a Cooler.

Morgan Crowther, after seeing the "Cooler" strip in the ring, expressed an opinion in favour of Frank Craig.

Moore was there to see the battle, and it is on the cards that he will be the next victim for the wily Yank.

D. St. John: I only wish that this was my job, as he saw O'Brien reach the boards head first.

Those who know most about O'Brien say that in getting off his weight in four weeks was the cause of his downfall.

The general opinion of those who witnessed the combat is that the best man won, and won anyhow.

The affair was short, sharp, and sweet. The latter term applies to the Cooler's habit of sucking a jujube.

Joe Gibbons thought it the neatest thing in gloves he had ever seen.

Chalk's tip is back the Cooler and then read the racing information in THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

"Well," said one individual, "this licks all. The Cooler would, I think, whip Fitzsimmons if put to the task."

The Cooler at the termination of the fight, on reaching his dressing-room, indulged in his favourite pastime of producing a sweet lullaby on the harmonica.

Frank Craig can be backed to fight Ted Pritchard or any man in England at 11st 4lb, for twenty rounds or to a finish, for £500 a-side. Pritchard will have the preference, and if he desires to arrange a battle he has only to respond through the columns of THE MIRROR OF LIFE, making an appointment to arrange preliminaries. A well-known bookmaker has notified the Editor of THE MIRROR OF LIFE that he will post any part of the £500 at our office upon hearing from Pritchard.

Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, has been proffered an engagement to appear at one of our leading music-halls to perform in a buck dance, play the harmonica, and spar with his trainer, Prof. Butler. It is likely he will accept the offer, when the British public will then be afforded an opportunity to witness one of the cleverest speciality artists who has ever come to this country.

Every member of the National Sporting Club were satisfied that they had not only seen a good, game man beaten, but that the Cooler will be favourite in his next venture.